VOGUE

EARLIEST SPRING FASHIONS

The New Trim Look

and

3 HOURS OF READING

18 Articles by

Cornelia Otis Skinner
Marcia Davenport
Mary Lewis
Paul Gallico
Meyer Berger
Reynolds and Eleanor Packard
Frank Crowninshield
Mab Wilson

...and others

V 10
JANUARY 15, 1943
PRICE 35 CENTS
40 CENTS IN CANADA

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FASHION DIPLOMAT

Stroock Cloud Drift

Ready for the round of wartime duties...right for gracious leisure too. A coat in Stroock Cloud Drift is a service-wise investment. Stroock gives this favorite coating the feel of *clouds* and the down-to-earth stamina that is priceless in times like these. The coat illustrated comes in new companionable colors. Lining of Duchess acetate rayon satin.

MODERATELY PRICED AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE, OR WRITE
GROSSMAN & SPIEGEL, INC., 512 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps.

Philip Mangone dean of tailors, calls on his veteran staff to hand-block and hand-stitch a magnificent British suiting. The result–a suit with form practically *melted* into it. Pearl gray with whisper striping or tan British gabardine, 125.00 Little homburg hat, 22.50 *Suits, Fourth Floor*

BONWIT TELLER • FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS

PANDORA
FOOTWEAR

Invest in The Future

Look ahead.

Today's wise investment in War Bonds

means early victory — and ultimate savings.

Today's wise investment in quality shoes

means ultimate savings, too. For shoes

of Pandora's Patrician quality

and peerless smartness

are sure to feel better,

stay trimmer, lovelier — LONGER!

Look ahead.

Here are three of our large collection

of suit-type shoes:

(a) "DELTA" — *satin-smooth baby calf and gabardine with great tri-umphant buckle. Black, brown, navy.*

(b) "TAILLEUR" — *Puritan bow, decorously moderate heel. Polished calf in tan, blue, black, brown.*

(c) "THONG" — *suavely supporting, steady-activity heel: Polished calf in tan, blue, black, brown.*

Atlanta	Regenstein's Peachtree
Baltimore	N. Hess' Sons
Beaumont	Rosenthal's Inc.
Berkeley	Roos Bros.
Boston	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Buffalo	Flint & Kent
Charlotte	Montaldo's
Cincinnati	John Shillito Co.
Cleveland	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus	The Union Co.
Corpus Christi	Perkins Bros.
Dallas	Sanger Bros.
Dayton	Rike-Kumler Co.
Denver	Daniels & Fisher
Detroit	J. L. Hudson
Fort Worth	W. C. Stripling Co.
Fresno	Roos Bros.
Harrisburg	Mary Sachs
Hartford	G. Fox & Co.
Houston	The Smart Shop
Kalamazoo	Gilmore Bros.
Kansas City	John Taylor Co.
Memphis	Walk-Over
Miami	Burdine's
Milwaukee	Boston Store
Minneapolis	Napier's
New Orleans	Godchaux's
Norfolk	Hofheimer's
Oakland	Roos Bros.
Oklahoma City	Halliburton's
Philadelphia	Bonwit Teller
Pittsburgh	Joseph Horne Co.
Providence	Gladding's
Rochester	McCurdy's
St. Louis	Famous-Barr
Salt Lake City	Walk-Over
San Antonio	Frank Bros.
San Francisco	The White House
San Jose	Roos Bros.
Seattle	Frederick & Nelson
Tulsa	Stern & Levy
Washington	Woodward & Lothrop
West Palm Beach	Burdine's

QUALITY IS DOUBLY IMPORTANT TODAY.

B. H. Wragge's Here-to-there Clothes

MATCHED-UP MENSWEAR FLANNEL, *top left.* Gray or brown striped flannel cardigan, fully lined, **25.00** Matching skirt, **14.95** Rayon crepe bow blouse, **8.95**

SLACKS MATCH JACKET, *on horse above right.* Striped flannel fly-front trousers, **15.00** Print rayon crepe blouse, **8.95**

ARTICHOKE PRINT, *top center.* Black, sand beige, red or aqua rayon crepe. Blouse, **6.95** Skirt, **8.95** Matching hat, **5.00**

LICORICE STRIPE, *top far right.* Dress in gray, brown, red or aqua rayon crepe with blending stripes. Sizes 10 to 18, **22.95**

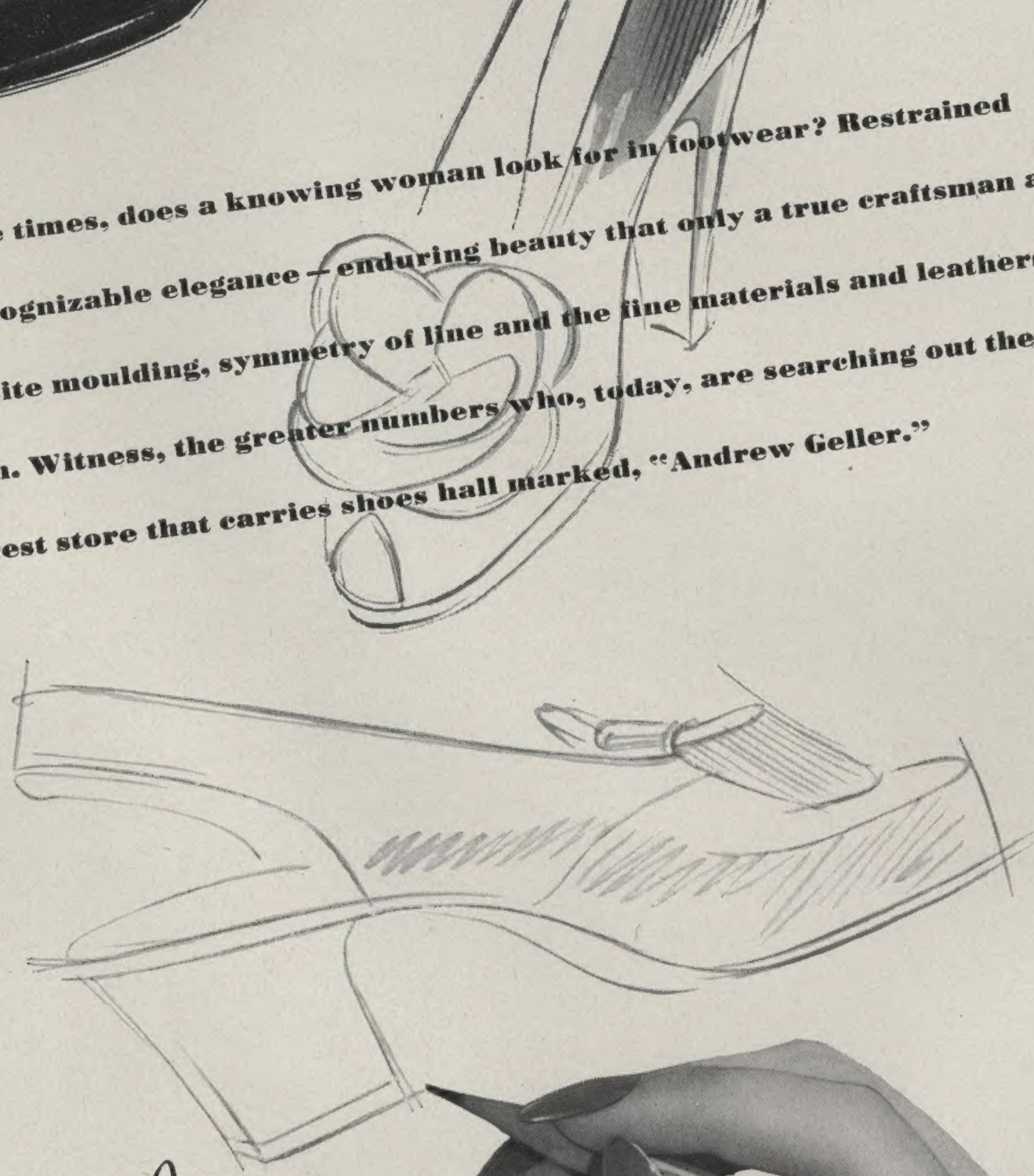
WHITE AND DONKEY GRAY, *far right.* White minniebone rayon jacket, fully lined, **17.95** Gray flannel trouser skirt, **14.95**

All in sizes 10 to 20.

B. H. WRAGGE SHOP
SPORTS FIFTH FLOOR

ALSO AT OUR PALM BEACH SHOP

What, in these times, does a knowing woman look for in footwear? Restrained but instantly recognizable elegance — enduring beauty that only a true craftsman achieves with exquisite moulding, symmetry of line and the fine materials and leathers he works with. Witness, the greater numbers who, today, are searching out the nearest store that carries shoes hall marked, "Andrew Geller."



Andrew Geller
exquisite footwear
537 Fifth Avenue, New York

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Vol. 101, No. 2
Whole No. 1690

I'm Young Again!

—says Mrs. Clarissa Cushman of Albany, New York

It was hard to believe that the slender, lovely Clarissa Cushman, in New York on a holiday, had ever been other than she was today.

"But I'm an entirely different person, mentally and physically," she said. Her blue eyes twinkled over the rim of her cup as she sipped tea in the Empire Room at the Waldorf. "You see, this slim figure is only part of the story. For the first time in ages I'm enthusiastic about life—and really excited about what the future has in store for me. How did it happen? Well, I had grown careless about my appearance and was paying the penalty. For one thing I was about twenty pounds overweight—and oh! how I hated exercises—you know, the dull kind. I used to get up as tired as when I went to bed, and that's not good when you go to business every day.

"I had read a lot about the wonderful things Ann Delafield was doing at the Success School in New York, and finally decided to try the Success Course she conducts for those who can't come to the Richard Hudnut Salon. You know, I was amazed to discover that being a Success Course student is just like having your own Salon at home. One of the best things about this Course is that you get a definite goal to work for. I was told exactly what my weight and measurements should be—and what to do every day until I got there!

"The exercises are so amusingly presented I had a grand time doing them. 'Eating as a Beauty Eats' is actually fun, too. Gives you a subtle feeling of superiority! And I learned what cosmetics can do for you when you really understand skin care and make-up.

"Do you know what gave me my biggest thrill? Buying my first dress after finishing the Course. When the saleswoman said 'A size eleven will fit you perfectly,' I could have hugged her!

"I have more vitality than I ever dreamed possible. Now, walking to the office, I'm proud to know my tummy isn't leading the way! I have gained in poise and self-confidence, too. Practically every day someone compliments me on the remarkable improvement in my appearance.

"Yes, I'm *young* again. I feel now that the day I started the DuBarry Success Course I took my first step toward a happy new life—new looks—new friends—new interests."

* * *

Thank you, Clarissa Cushman, for graciously letting us tell *your* sucess story to the readers of *Vogue*.

More than 65,000 women and girls have now had the rich experience of taking the DuBarry Success Course.

How about *you?* These are days when it's important to be fit and fair, for war work, for personal and business success. Why not find out, without the slightest obligation, what this plan can do for you? The coupon or a note will bring you a new book containing full information.

At left, Clarissa Cushman, 37, when she started the DuBarry Success Course. At right, the youthfully slim Clarissa Cushman of today, 5 feet, 3½ inches tall, 22 pounds lighter, with an almost perfect figure, and a smooth, glowing skin.

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON,
Dept. SN-1, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

To the girl with a soldier overseas... How much do you really want him back?

Just how much do you miss your soldier—far across the ocean?

Do you miss him so much that you'll pass up that jeweled bracelet you've set your heart on?

Do you love him so much that you'll make your old suit last another spring?

Do you want him back so badly that you'll walk to the office when you could take the bus—sit home in the evenings when you might go to the movies?

Of course you do! So start denying yourself "extras" and luxuries now. And buy War Bonds with every cent you save! War Bonds will help bring your soldier back!

War Bonds mean supplies and reinforcements for him right now—a reserve for you both in the years to come.

War Bonds mean American bombers over Germany and "subs" under the China Sea—they mean a shorter war!

War Bonds are your ballot against runaway inflation—your insurance policy for freedom—your pass book at the savings bank after the armistice is signed.

And over and above that, they're the most careful, cautious and productive investment into which you could put your money. Start buying bonds for your soldier—today!

Here's what War Bonds do for You!

1 They are the safest place in all the world for your savings.

2 They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.

3 They pay you back $4 for every $3 you put in, at the end of ten years . . . pay you interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.

4 You may turn them in and get your cash back at any time after 60 days.

5 They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in price. That's a promise from the financially strongest institution in the world: The United States of America.

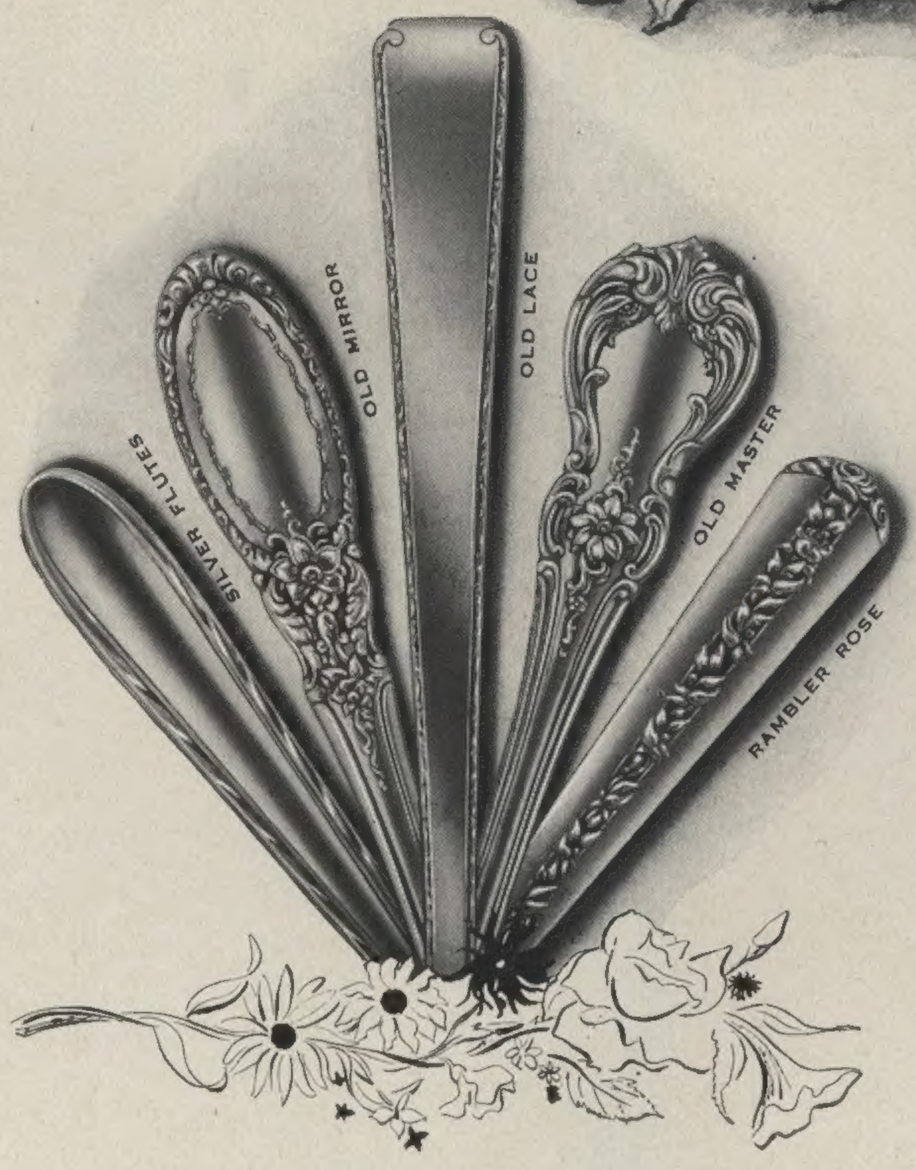
SAVE YOUR MONEY THE SAFEST WAY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY!

Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by: Max Factor • Hollywood

I WAS only five when I first heard the legend of Great-grandmother Hargrave . . . how, four wars ago, she pinned up her crinolines, scooped up the family silver, and buried it in the garden. . . . Mother showed me the very dress—rosebud-sprigged, still faintly jasmined.

And I remember thinking even then what a precious, fairy-tale thing silver must be. I eyed our own tableware with new respect. (And once I buried two teaspoons — and got spanked.)

That's why, now I'm getting married, the choice of my sterling is such an event. Instead of a sideboardful, I'll have only a few basic pieces . . . but, instead of hiding it away, I will take it proudly everywhere I travel to be near Larry.



Far-seeing are brides who begin with Sterling by Towle. . . . Each piece is designed by artists-in-silver . . . finished by silversmiths whose craft traditions began in 1690. For this reason, Towle patterns are as timely in beauty as they are in service. Each set, started now, can be completed at leisure in the peaceful years to come.

Send for the new free booklet: "*The Bride in Wartime and her Towle Sterling.*" Address: THE TOWLE SILVERSMITHS, Dept. K-1, Newburyport, Mass.

Towle's part in war production may mean fewer pieces of your favorite pattern. . . . If you can't buy what you want, invest that much more in War Bonds to purchase your Towle Sterling when the peace has been won.

TŌWLE STERLING

Vogue's 6th annual

AMERICANA NUMBER

A REPORT TO

42,794,943

American Women

on 8 major

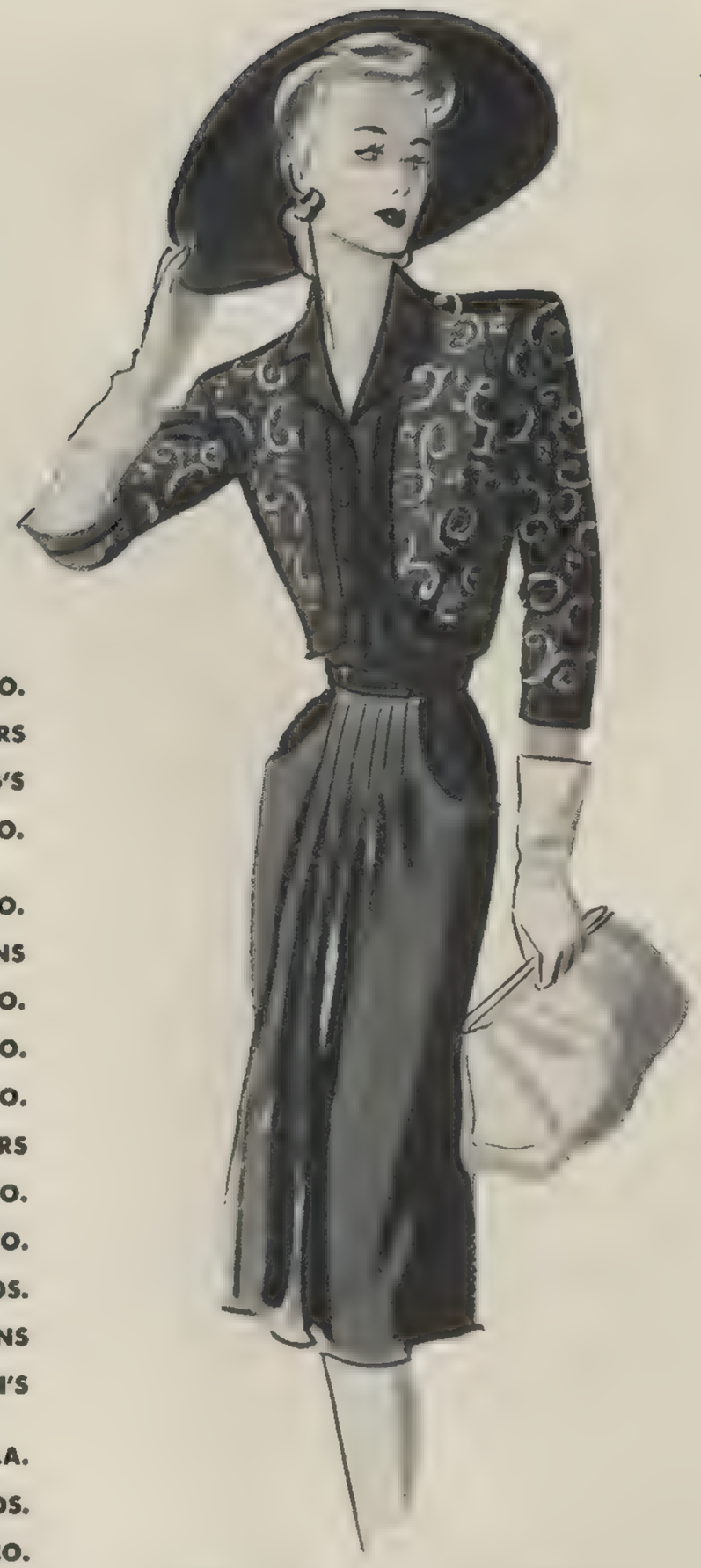
Fashion Industries

There *is* a sane, sound highway to shopping today and Vogue's Americana issue signposts it. There are fashion shortages, it's true, but Americans are learning to counterbalance them.

Vogue's 6th Americana issue gives you a penetrating today-picture of 8 great fashion industries. This issue sums up the new situation in shoes, gives you hopeful facts on the stocking supply, tells you of future possibilities in corsets and gloves . . . floodlights facts and punctures rumours all along the production line. It makes clear the *shoulds* and *should-nots* of today's shopping . . . tells you of new understudies for frozen wares . . . reports on the excitement-to-come from American laboratories. It is a considered handbook that guides you as you buy, pilots your shopping and helps to establish you on good, firm soil, this spring. Reserve your copy at your newsstand today.

ON SALE JANUARY 22

A CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATION



Fashions bearing the signature Carolyn* presented currently in these fine fashion shops:

Alexandria, La. ..... **WELLAN'S**
Allentown, Pa. ..... **H. LEH & CO.**
Altoona, Pa. ..... **MEYER JONASSON CO.**
Amarillo, Tex. ..... **WHITE & KIRK**
Asheville, N. C. ..... **BON MARCHE**
Atlanta, Ga. ..... **RICH'S**
Augusta, Ga. ..... **SAXON CULLUM CO.**
Austin, Texas **E. M. SCARBROUGH & SONS**
Baltimore, Md. ..... **STEWART & CO.**
Baton Rouge, La. ..... **DALTON CO.**
Birmingham, Ala. ..... **BURGER-PHILLIPS**
Bozeman, Mont. ..... **RIDDLE'S**
Bristol, Tenn. ..... **H. P. KING CO.**
Carthage, Mo. ..... **RAMSAY BROS. D. G. CO.**
Charleston, W. Va. ..... **THE DIAMOND**
Chattanooga, Tenn. ..... **LOVEMAN'S**
Chicago, Ill. ..... **MANDEL BROTHERS**
Cincinnati, Ohio ..... **MABLEY & CAREW**
Cleveland, O. ..... **THE STEARN COMPANY**
Columbia, S. C. ..... **KOHN'S**
Columbus, Ga. ..... **J. A. KIRVEN CO.**
Columbus, Ohio ..... **THE FASHION CO.**
Dallas, Texas ..... **A. HARRIS & CO.**
Danville, Ill. ..... **MEIS BROS.**
Dayton, Ohio ..... **THE HOME STORE**
Durham, N. C. ..... **ELLIS STONE & CO.**
Elgin, Ill. ..... **JOSEPH SPIESS CO.**
Elmira, N. Y. ..... **ROSENBAUM'S**
El Paso, Texas ..... **POPULAR D. G. CO.**
Evansville, Ind. ..... **DE JONG'S**
Fairmont, W. Va. ..... **HARTLEY'S**
Fort Smith, Ark. ..... **ARCADE DEPT. STORE**
Fort Worth, Texas ..... **MONNIG'S**
Great Falls, Mont. ..... **PARIS FLIGMAN CO.**
Gulfport, Miss. ..... **GEO. E. NORTHROP CO.**
Hamilton, Ohio ..... **ROBINSON-SCHWENN**
Hartford, Conn. ..... **SIEGEL'S SHOP**
Havana, Cuba ..... **EL ENCANTO**
Helena, Mont. ..... **FLIGELMAN'S**
Houston, Texas ..... **FOLEY BROS.**
Indianapolis, Ind. ..... **H. P. WASSON & CO.**
Jackson, Miss. ..... **R. E. KENNINGTON CO.**
Jacksonville, Fla. ..... **COHEN BROTHERS**
Johnson City, Tenn. ..... **KING'S**
Joplin, Mo. ..... **RAMSAY D. G. CO.**
Kansas City, Mo. **EMERY, BIRD, THAYER CO.**
Knoxville, Tenn. ..... **S. H. GEORGE & SONS**
Lansing, Mich. ..... **J. W. KNAPP CO.**
Lexington, Ky. ..... **B. B. SMITH CO.**
Lima, Ohio ..... **R. T. GREGG CO.**
Little Rock, Ark. ..... **PFEIFERS**
Lynchburg, Va. ..... **D. MOSES & CO.**
Macon, Ga. ..... **JOS. N. NEEL CO.**
Manitowoc, Wis. ..... **SCHUETTE BROS.**
Martinsburg, W. Va. ..... **M. COHEN & SONS**
Memphis, Tenn. ..... **GOLDSMITH'S**
Mexico City **AL PUERTO DE VERACRUZ S.A.**
Monroe, La. ..... **MASUR BROS.**
Mt. Vernon, Ohio ..... **J. S. RINGWALT CO.**
New Kennsington, Pa. ..... **SILVERMAN'S**
New Orleans, La. ..... **MAISON MAURICE**
New York, N. Y. **ARNOLD CONSTABLE & CO.**
Norfolk, Va. ..... **AMES & BROWNLEY**
Oklahoma City, Okla. ..... **BROWN'S**
Parkersburg, W. Va. ..... **DILS BROS. & CO.**
Pensacola, Fla. ..... **BON MARCHE**
Philadelphia, Pa. ..... **GIMBELS**
Phoenix, Ariz. ..... **KORRICKS'**
Pittsburgh, Pa. ..... **GRASTENFIELD CO.**
Portsmouth, Ohio ..... **MARTING BROS. CO.**
Sacramento, Calif. ..... **HALE BROS.**
Salt Lake City, Utah ..... **AUERBACH CO.**
San Francisco, Calif. ..... **HALE BROS.**
San Jose, Calif. ..... **HALE BROS.**
Savannah, Ga. ..... **LEOPOLD ADLER CO.**
Schenectady, N. Y. ..... **H. S. BARNEY CO.**
Seattle, Wash. ..... **BEST'S APPAREL, INC.**
Spartanburgh, S. C. **THE AUG. W. SMITH CO.**
Syracuse, N. Y. ..... **CHAPPELL'S**
Tallahassee, Fla. **STEYERMAN'S STYLE SHOP**

A beauty from the Carolyn collection, afternoon dress with simulated bolero of white Schiffli embroidery. In Maxwell's "Thornbark Rayon Crepe", woven with Celanese yarn. 12 to 18. About $30.

Tampa, Fla. ..... **O. FALK'S**
Thomasville, Ga. ..... **STEYERMAN'S INC.**
Trenton, N. J. ..... **YARDS**
Tulsa, Okla. ..... **BROWN-DUNKIN D. G. CO.**
Uniontown, Pa. ..... **WRIGHT-METZLER CO.**
Utica, N. Y. ..... **D. PRICE & CO.**
Washington, D. C. ..... **THE HECHT CO.**
West Frankfort, Ill. ..... **FASHION SHOP**
Wichita, Kan. ..... **RORABAUGH-BUCK**
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. **FOWLER DICK & WALKER**
Williamsport, Pa. ..... **BROZMAN'S**
Wilmington, Del. ..... **KENNARD-PYLE**
York, Pa. ..... **P. WEIST'S SONS**

Carolyn's Modes are sold exclusively in Cuba by EL ENCANTO of Havana, in Mexico City by AL PUERTO DE VERACRUZ S.A. at prices subject to tariff regulations.

FOR THE NAME OF STORE IN YOUR CITY, WRITE NATIONAL MODES, 128 WEST 31st STREET, NEW YORK CITY

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Only the most authoritative among the dress fashions of the new season are allowed to carry the Carolyn signature—fashions excelling in line, in detail, in quality of workmanship and beauty of fabric. An example, this decorative dress for your afternoons, serenely simple, the tunic and sleeves etched in white. 10-18. About $30. For a full list of shops presenting this dress, see the preceding page.

In Maxwell's "Thornbark Rayon Crepe", woven with Celanese* yarn.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Carolyn Modes are sold exclusively in New York City at **ARNOLD CONSTABLE & CO.**, Fifth Avenue at 40th St.; in Chicago at **MANDEL BROTHERS**; in Cincinnati

The very finest, the most enduring, among the coat and suit fashions of each season are designated to bear the Carolyn label. Like this classic suit, devastatingly simple, but smart anywhere, any year; and its obliging companion topcoat, both of pure wool in a club check. Tailored by Morris W. Haft & Brothers. 10 to 18. Each about $35. A full listing of Carolyn shops is on the second preceding page.

The luxurious linings in both the suit and companion topcoat are of Duchess Acetate Rayon Satin.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

at **MABLEY & CAREW**; in Dallas at **A. HARRIS & CO.**; in Indianapolis at **H. P. WASSON & CO.**; in Memphis at **GOLDSMITH'S**; in California at **HALE BROS.**

On all the coasts of the Seven Continents today there's scarcely a foot of sand where free children can play in peace.

On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers—*our* soldiers—American women and children—*our own people*, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. *Fight*—or help those who *are* fighting. *Man* a gun or *pay* for that gun. *Drop* a bomb or *pay* for the bomb. With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

Join the Pay Roll Savings Plan, whoever you are, wherever you work. Set aside at least 10% of your pay every pay day. Each time your savings amount to $18.75, you get a bond, worth $25 in ten years.

That's the way we *Americans* will do it. We won't sit back indifferent.

We won't "wait and see" until there's nothing left to see.

"Do it now" is a good American slogan. So let's *do* it!

It's later than you think!

DO YOU KNOW?

- **When you buy WAR BONDS, you're saving, not giving! Series E WAR BONDS are worth 33⅓ percent more in 10 years! You get back $4 for every $3 you invest!**
- **These BONDS, when held to maturity (10 years), yield 2.9 percent per year on your investment, compounded semiannually!**
- **Joining a Pay Roll Savings Plan makes savings easy!**
- **Joining your bank's Victory Club (it works like any Thrift or Christmas Club) is a convenient way to save for War Bonds for those who aren't members of a Pay Roll Savings Plan.**
- **You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in War Bonds every pay day NOW!**
- **You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents.**

EVERYBODY EVERY PAY DAY **10% in War Bonds**

This space is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by VOGUE

A skin-softener...

A powder base...

in ONE!

DOROTHY GRAY

Special Dry-Skin Lotion

A creamy-peach lotion that helps soften your skin all the time it's making you look *prettier!* Gentle lubricants in Special Dry-Skin Lotion help ease away scuffed, dry skin. Your complexion takes on a smooth look... a lively bloom. Powder clings *divinely!* Dorothy Gray Special Dry-Skin Lotion also beloved as a flattering over-night cream... a soothing body-rub. $1.00. *Plus tax.*

PORTRAIT FACE POWDER LENDS YOUR SKIN A FINE-TEXTURED LOOK!

A smooth, downy powder that fluffs on evenly—without caking or smudging. So sheer-textured, Dorothy Gray Portrait Face Powder looks like *your own* fresh complexion! Free of ingredients generally suspected of arousing allergies. Try *Special Blend* or darker *South American* to warm up neutral coloring. $1.00. *Plus tax.*

VICTORY FIRST! OUR POLICY
NOT TO USE ANY INGREDIENTS NOW REQUESTED FOR WAR USE
DOROTHY GRAY LTD

These and many other *exquisite Dorothy Gray preparations at smart department and drug stores*
DOROTHY GRAY...683 FIFTH AVENUE...NEW YORK CITY

Dorothy Gray

AMERICAN DESIGN OF BEAUTY

Copyright, 1943, by Dorothy Gray, Ltd.

Please the Men!

Today your first choice is a Dobbs
Original American hat fashion . . . keyed to your work
and play in a busy wartime life.

DOBBS *Flight* in Lotus Green · DOBBS *Resorter* in Turftan · DOBBS *Miamian* in Canary Yellow

DOBBS HATS · Park Avenue at 53rd Street · *Available at fine stores* · *See opposite column for partial listing*

Dobbs Hats

AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES

ALLENTOWN, PA.
Hess Bros.
ATLANTA, GA.
J. P. Allen & Co.
Rich's
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Warner & Co.
BANGOR, MAINE
Freese's
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA
Burger Phillips Co.
BOSTON, MASS.
Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Abraham & Straus, Inc.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
L. L. Berger, Inc.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
The H. & S. Pogue Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
The Lindner Co'y
COLUMBUS, OHIO
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DALLAS, TEXAS
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DENVER, COLORADO
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Gano Downs
DES MOINES, IOWA
Younker Bros. Inc.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
The J. L. Hudson Co.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS
The Fair
HARTFORD, CONN.
The Stackpole Moore, Tryon Co.
HOUSTON, TEXAS
Sakowitz Bros.
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L. Strauss & Co.
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Kline's
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BURDINE'S SUNSHINE FASHIONS
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T. A. Chapman Co.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
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The Kreeger Store
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Stern Bros.
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Strawbridge & Clothier
PITTSBURGH, PA.
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PORTLAND, MAINE
Porteous Mitchell & Braun
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Meier & Frank Co.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Gladding's, Inc.
RALEIGH, N. C.
Taylor's
RICHMOND, VA.
Miller & Rhoads
Thalhimer Bros.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
B. Forman Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Famous-Barr Co.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
Frank Bros.
Wolff & Marx Co.
SAN DIEGO, CAL.
The Marston Co.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Roos Bros.
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
Frederick & Nelson
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Forbes & Wallace
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Flah & Co.
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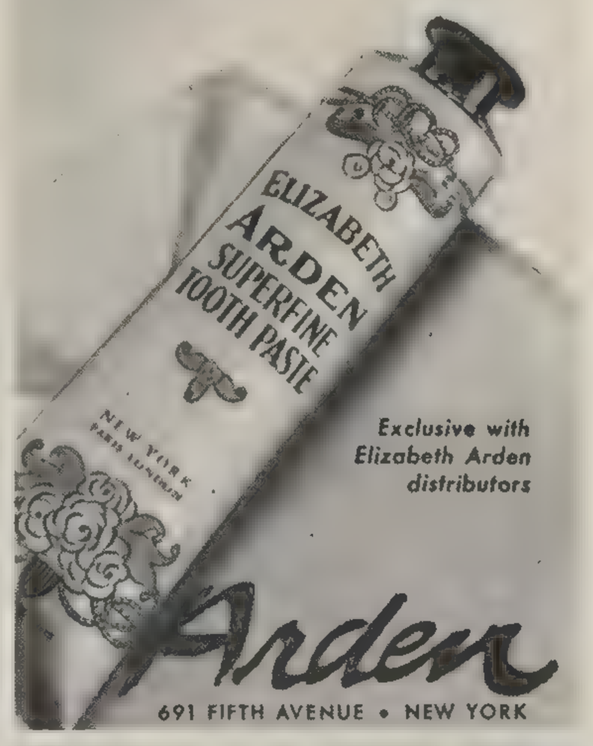

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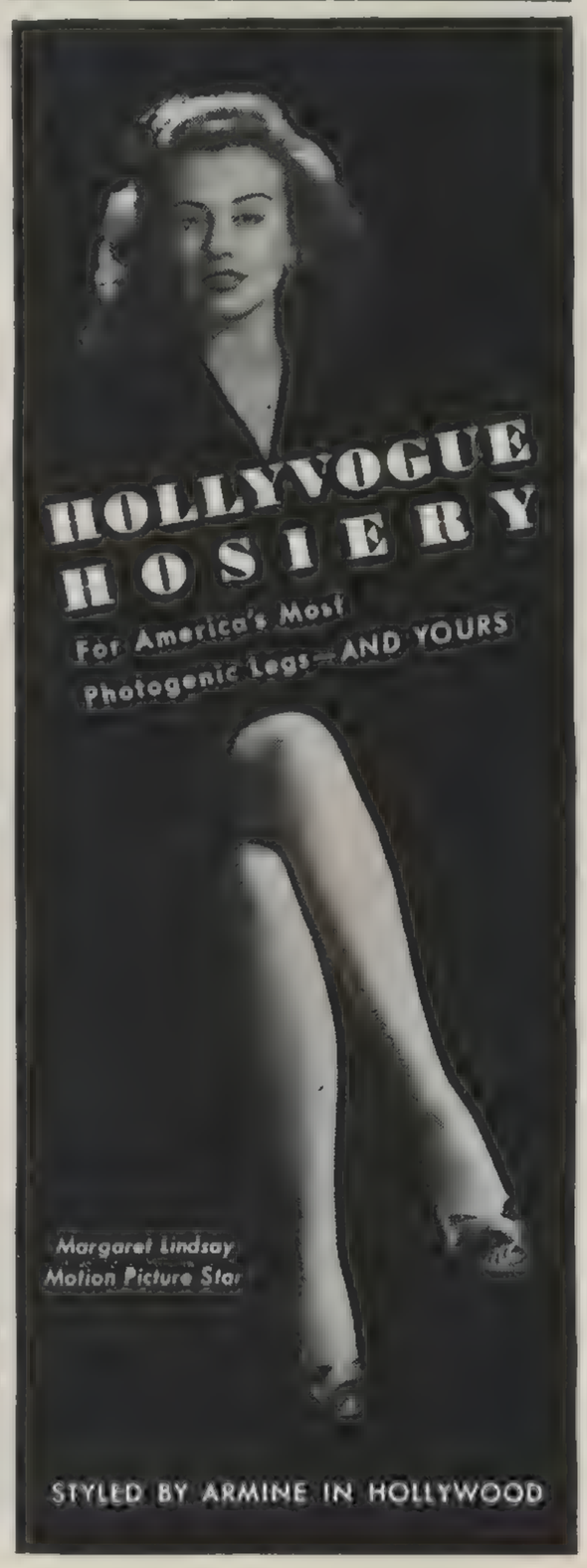

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VOGUE'S TRAVELOG

a directory of fine hotels and resorts

If you want further information about the hotels or resorts listed in these columns, write Vogue's Travelog, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

ARIZONA

CHANDLER

San Marcos Hotel & Individual Bungalows. 250 acres of luxurious playground. 18-hole golf course. Swimming. Tennis. Riding. Robert Foehl, Manager.

PHOENIX

Camelback Inn. Vacation here in romantic April to mid-May when desert blooms. Rates lower. Booklet. New York office, BRyant 9-6347.

Hotel Westward Ho. Premier Hotel of the Southwest, in world-famous Valley of the Sun. Midtown with desert resort atmosphere. European plan. Bklt.

TUCSON

Arizona Inn. Arizona's foremost resort hotel. Charming garden rooms all with Sun Terrace. Swimming Pool. Tennis. Riding. Sunshine. M. Bennett, Mgr.

El Conquistador Hotel & Cottages. On the desert, 3 mi. from Tucson. 100 guests. 120 acre estate. Swimming pool. Cabanas. Riding. Tennis. Golf nearby.

Pioneer Hotel. Southern Arizona's finest, 250 rooms, each with bath. European. Coffee Shop. Dining Room. Roof Garden. Sun Deck. Sensible rates.

Santa Rita Hotel. 250 rms. Tucson's Social center; Western hospitality & atmosphere. Excellent cuisine; Famous dance bands. Polo. Golf. Nick Hall, Mgr.

ARKANSAS

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK

Arlington Hotel and Baths

Central location simplifies travel problems. A resort hotel in the best Southern tradition, plus benefits of curative hot waters owned and recommended by U. S. Gov't for arthritis, high blood pressure, etc. Complete Bathhouse in the hotel. Your favorite recreation in zestful climate. Social calendar. Excellent cuisine. For folder and tariffs, address W. E. Chester, Gen'l Mgr.

CALIFORNIA

BEVERLY HILLS

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DEL MONTE

Del Monte and Pebble Beach Lodge. World-renowned resorts on famed Monterey Peninsula, mecca for golf players and sportsmen, are keeping people fit.

LOS ANGELES

Chapman Park Hotel & Bungalows. Resort-living in Center of City—Hospitality—Entertainment—Swimming—Sports. Information. Harry Ward, Mgr.

PALM SPRINGS

Hotel Oasis. "Your Home in the Desert". Quiet Seclusion—Distinguished Clientele—Write—George L. Linde, Manager, for information.

COLORADO

COLORADO SPRINGS

Antlers Hotel. Distinguished clientele, skiing, all winter sports. Accessible to everything. Famous Copper Grove for dancing. Frank J. Haberl, Manager.

Broadmoor Hotel, in shadow of Pike's Peak, sports and social center of the Rockies. Metropolitan luxury, restful relaxation. Write for brochure.

AN INVITATION . . .

The hotels and resorts listed here invite you to send for their brochures, or write for any specific information you wish. You'll receive a prompt reply.

FLORIDA

BOCA GRANDE

Boca Grande Hotel. Atmosphere of private estate. Golf course, all sports. Famous for fishing. Rail service, car unnecessary. Floyd Alford, Manager.

PALM BEACH

Palm Beach Hotel. Excellent service, finest cuisine, homelike atmosphere. Sun-roof, bathing, all sports. American & European Plans. J. J. Farrell, Mgr.

PONCE DE LEON SPRINGS

Ponce De Leon Springs Hotel. Springs famous since 1512. A resort hotel of distinction. Excellent bass fishing. Write for rates.

ST. PETERSBURG

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GEORGIA

SEA ISLAND

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BALTIMORE

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MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON

The Copley-Plaza

Nearest of all hotels to Back Bay Station. Handy to finer shops, theatres and cultural sights. A palatial hotel, beautifully appointed—superb in its service and cuisine. Always a top-flight show in the beautifully appointed Oval Room. Single rooms, $4.25 and up. "So little more for the best." Chauncey Depew Steele, General Manager.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY

Bellerive Hotel, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. Refined atmosphere. Zephyr Lounge. French Cuisine. Garage. Trans. or Perm. Endorsed by Duncan Hines.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY

Allerton House for Women, 57th St. & Lexington Ave. New York's most select hotel for women. Friendly atmosphere. Rates: wkly. $10.50 up, daily $2.

The Barbizon, Lexington Ave. 63rd St. New York's most exclusive hotel for young women. Cultural environment. Weekly $12. up. Daily $2. Bklt. "V".

The Beekman, Park Ave. at 63rd St. Leisurely living in an atmosphere of refinement, every measure of comfort and the convenience of a smart location.

Beekman Tower—49th St. at East River Drive. Overlooking River. Smart location. 400 outside rooms. Near shops, theatres, business. From $2.50. Booklet "V".

Beverly Hotel. 125 East 50th. Just East of Radio City. Large rooms and closets. Serving pantries. Single $4, double $6, suites from $8. PLaza 3-2700.

Gramercy Park—Famed hotel at legendary private park. Rendezvous of nation's great. $4. single, $6. double, $8. suites. Weekly, monthly. Booklet "V".

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Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 W. 57th St. 1,200 rooms with bath. Special floors for women. Daily $2.50 up. Weekly $12.75 up. John Paul Stack, Manager.

Hotel Seymour, 50 W. 45th St. Near Fifth Ave., theatres, shops, art galleries, Radio City. Refined surroundings. $4. single; $5.50 double; Suites $7.

NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEVILLE

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SOUTH CAROLINA

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VIRGINIA

LURAY

The Mimslyn—Hotel of Distinction. 70 Rooms—baths—delicious food—riding—hiking—golf—Central gateway to Skyline Drive—Luray Caverns.

WINTER SPORTS

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HANOVER

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CANADA

LAURENTIAN MTS.—St. Jovite Station, P. Q.

Gray Rocks Inn. Thrills for skiers, 125 miles of trails, jump, tow and famous Snow Eagle Ski School. References required.

LAURENTIAN MTS.—Ste. Marguerite Sta., P.Q.

The Alpine Inn—Log construction, two tows, famous Mount Baldy Speedway, 50 mi. trails, newly cut & marked. Ski school. Instructors. Write for booklet.

LAURENTIAN MTS.—STE. ADELE, P.Q.

Ste. Adele Lodge—Laurentian's newest resort. 82 bedrooms; sundecks, sunrooms. Hills '40', '80,' four ski-tows. Lighted rinks. Distinguished clientele.

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Chateau Frontenac in historic Quebec. All winter sports. Nearby Ski Hawk School's Parallel Technique teaches 3 out of 4 beginners to ski in a week.

DUDE RANCHES

TEXAS

HUNT

Waldemar Guest Ranch—In Guadalupe Mts. 85 mi. W. San Antonio. Riding, tennis. Fine food, relaxation. Season Jan.-Apr. Distinguished Clientele. Bklt.

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The war against this crippling enemy on the children's front depends on your support. Your dimes and dollars are the ammunition!

Speed them along to the President at the White House.

ANNUAL APPEAL JANUARY 15-20

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis And the Celebration of the President's Birthday

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GO TO TOWN

joyces

Best Beau A town pump in the same spirit as the oxford above, and made in the same leathers. The trim bow covers the gore; the graceful lines flatter women into forgetting that high heels were ever invented. $7.95 a pair. At Better Stores. *Joyce, Pasadena, Calif.*

COHAMA

MONOLAIN ... *precious, precious Cohama all-wool... so soft, so supple, so airy-light. In better ready-to-wear, or to take to your tailor. A luscious sun-ripe *Sun-Maker Fabric to MAKE YOUR SUN WHERE YOU DON'T FIND IT!*

*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HAT BY SALLY VICTOR

WOOLENS

Vogue's ADDRESS BOOK of shops, services, and restaurants

If you don't find what you are looking for in these columns, write to Vogue's Address Book, at 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, and we will try to find it for you.

TALE TOLD BY A TAILOR. One of those little tailors that are worth their weight in iridium is our old friend Basile, at 17 East Fifty-third Street. He's just the person to figure in your war economy, for Mr. Basile, who does his own cutting, designing, and fitting, manages also to cut down on prices...and makes excellent suits for a non-exorbitant sum.

He will work with your own material, or use his own still adequate stock of woollens, imported or domestic. And he seems equally proficient in cutting a sternly tailored, mannish suit, or its soft, feminine counterpart. The Basile prices for suits run around $75, and now is the time to start spring thinking.

BREAKS, TEARS...REPAIRS. It seems almost foolish to talk about such a place. But it really does exist. Repairit is the name; 140 East Fifty-third Street, the address. Run by James Amster, Repairit's boast is an ability to mend or repair anything in your household. The funniest part about it is that despite the Jack-of-all-trades braggadocio, Repairit really crashes through.

The firm will clean or darn rare old laces, make clocks tick, repair enamels and cloisonnés, restore paintings, duplicate silver, and repair glass. The prices, of course, vary according to the delicacy of the job and the extent of damage. But if your damaged piece happens to be something you treasure, this is one piper you'll be willing to pay. (Continued on page 18)

ACCESSORIES

A BELT TO MATCH YOUR DRESS. Bring or send your material and we will make a leather-lined belt with covered buckle. 1" wide 60c any length; 2" wide $1.00. H & L Novelty Co., 257 W. 39th St., New York. LO 5-7674

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ANNA PERLE, 11 E. 48 St., N. Y. C., solves your bag problems. She makes new bags, repairs, relines them. Mounts needlepoint bags, eyeglass cases, cushions—anything. Has frames, fine leathers & materials. Mail orders

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HAIR GOODS (Cont'd)

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Vogue's ADDRESS *of shops, services,*

TWO IN ONE. It isn't terribly hard to find a good sewing woman, nor is it too impossible to find a dressmaker, but to find a combination dressmaker and sewing woman, is another story, as you've probably found out. That's why Fannie Tweedy, at 65 East Fifty-fifth Street, is a woman to know about, and to treasure. She can take in a dress, take up or let down a hem, and she can remodel. In addition, she is adept at carrying out any designing ideas that might lurk in your pretty little head, and has some of her own that are well worth heeding.

Miss Tweedy's establishment is small, but remarkably efficient. She knows that speed is essential and manages to get work done quite rapidly, but with no concessions made to workmanship. As for the Tweedy prices, they are about average. A new dress, including the cost of the material, is about $50, but alteration jobs run from $2.

WAR ECONOMY. It's not only a matter of economy, but a rude fact that it is no longer possible to buy the handsome hand-bag frames that we used to love. (They were imported from Paris and Vienna, but let's not talk about that.) However, you undoubtedly have some hidden away, perfectly good frames, even

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ARE YOU WARDROBE WEARY? Discover The Dressing Room Re-Sale Service. Slightly used apparel of the better sort resold. 41 West 51st Street, New York City, Telephone ELdorado 5-1344. Hours from 12 to 6:30

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MOONEY & GILBERT, New York's favorite rendezvous for aristocratic shoes, sizes 2½-12, AAAAA-C. Famed for fit, smartness & comfort. Foot problems solved by mail. Write for Booklet SS. 35 W. 57 St., N. Y. C. Charges

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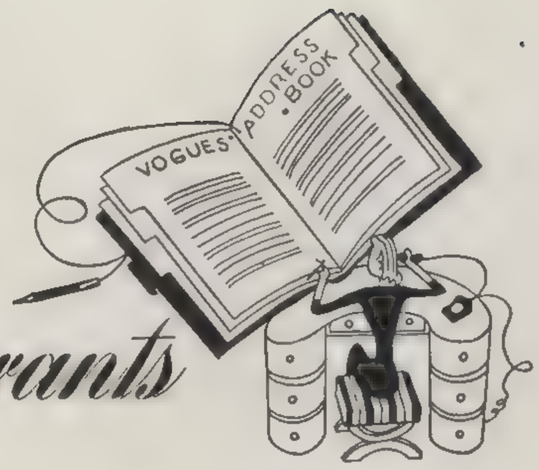
BOOK *and restaurants*



though the hand-bag itself is well worn out. Take the works to A. L. Workman, 424 Madison Avenue, and let them do a remounting job for you. These people are particularly expert at this kind of work, and can turn out very handsome jobs.

On the other hand, if you'd like to try your hand at bag designing, or if you want a piece of rare brocade transformed into an evening envelope, these people will turn the trick. And as they themselves are bag designers, and have some of their own beauties for sale, they'll watch your step and will steer you off any structural mistakes or impracticabilities.

CORSETS FOR YOU. Today more than ever before a good corsetière is an irreplaceable treasure. Today with priorities limiting the materials available, it takes a near-genius to make and fit a truly fine pre-war corset.

Miss Eleanor, at 4 East Fifty-third Street, is an expert in this field. Her ideas are ingenious, and she's a demon for fit. Whether you're looking for that perfect foundation that will be firm, but non-constricting, or for a brassière fitted inside of a dinner-dress...whether you like your corset long or short...Miss Eleanor is your girl.

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GOURMET'S GUIDE

SELECTED RESTAURANTS IN AND OUT OF TOWN

NEW YORK CITY

RESTAURANTS—DINING

DIVAN PARISIEN—17 East 45th St., N. Y. Le Restaurant Par Excellence. Cuisine Française Famous for "Chicken Divan" and special salad. Luncheon and Dinner. Finest vintage wines and liquors. Phone MU 2-9223.

JANE DAVIES'—145 West 55th Street, New York. Good food and excellent service are yours amid attractive surroundings. Luncheon—some 65c, Dinner from $1. Fine vintage wines and beer only. Closed all day Sunday.

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CAFE ST. DENIS, 11 East 53rd Street. For menus that are different and a real French Cuisine that adds zest to appetites—try our Dinner Supreme from $1.50; Luncheon from 90c. Closed on Sundays. ELdorado 5-8032.

RESTAURANT MAYAN—16 West 51 Street, Rockefeller Center. The popular rendezvous for luncheon, cocktails, and dinner. Unusual atmosphere. Luncheon entrées from 65c. Dinner from $1.75; also à la carte specialties.

GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL Restaurant and Oyster Bar. Lower Level, The Grand Central Terminal. Nationally famous for all sea food. Steaks and chops a specialty. Lunch from 70c. Dinner from $1.00, also à la carte.

HOLLAND HOUSE TAVERNE—10 Rockefeller Plaza. 'Round the crescent bar for cocktails; in front of old tiled fireplaces for luncheon; dinner in the nooks. Luncheon dishes from 60c, dinner from $1.75. Authentic decorations.

CAFE LOUIS XIV—15 West 49th St., Rockefeller Center. Cuisine Classique, Fine Wines, American Bar. Period setting. Prix-Fixe Luncheon $1.50. Dinner from $2.00, also à la carte. Wm. Adler and his Violin.

CHAMPS-ELYSEES. Le Restaurant Par Excellence, Cuisine Française. Famous for the special Champs-Elysees Dinner. Finest wines and liquors. Lunch à la carte. Colossal bar. Closed Sun. 25 E. 40th St., N. Y. MU 4-8833.

CORTILE RESTAURANT—37 W. 43rd St. In the Bar Building. Delicious luncheon 45c up—dinner 75c up. Featuring cocktail dinner at $1.10. Open 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. Closed Sundays. Rosella will read your character.

LA BELLE MEUNIERE. 12 East 52nd Street. Le Restaurant du Connaisseur. Quiet atmosphere. Catering to the metropolitan smart set. Luncheon. Cocktails. Dinner. Serving only the best wines. Tel. WIckersham 2-9437.

HEARTHSTONE, 15 East 48th St. (Cocktails) Gramercy Hearthstone, at 102 East 22nd St. Excellent food, carefully prepared, graciously served. Charming atmosphere. Luncheon from 65c, Dinner from $1.15. Closed Sundays.

THEODORE'S RESTAURANT—New York's outstanding French Restaurant. Superb Dinner $1.90. Delicious luncheon $1.35. Cocktails. Open Sundays at 5:30 P.M. Excellent bar. 4 East 56th Street. Phone: PLaza 3-6426.

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NANCY LORD—662 Madison Avenue, (between 60th and 61st). RH 4-9808. Excellent food with quiet, efficient service. Delightful atmosphere. Luncheons from 65c. Dinners from $1.10. Closed Saturdays, open Sundays.

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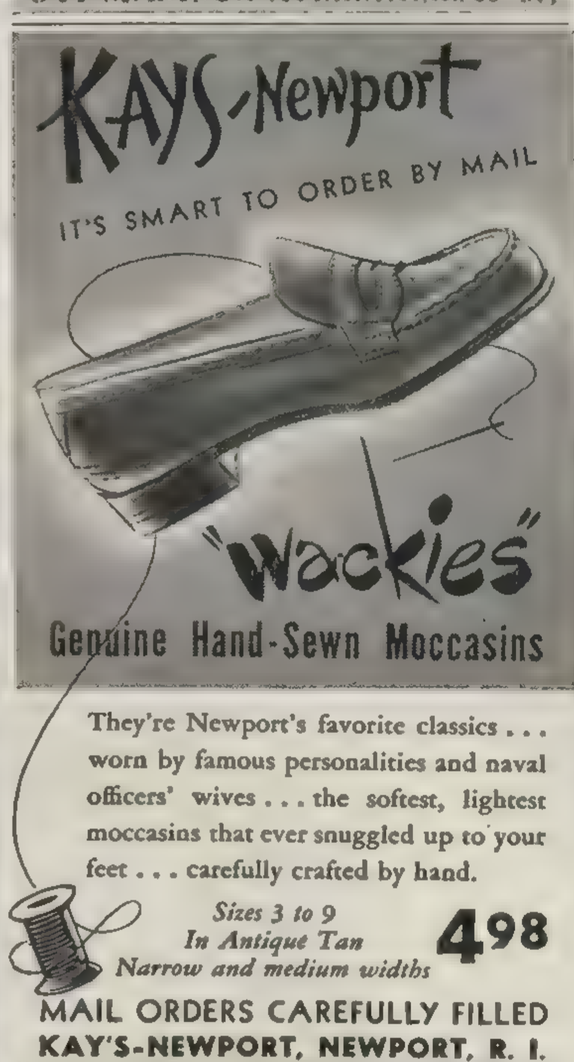

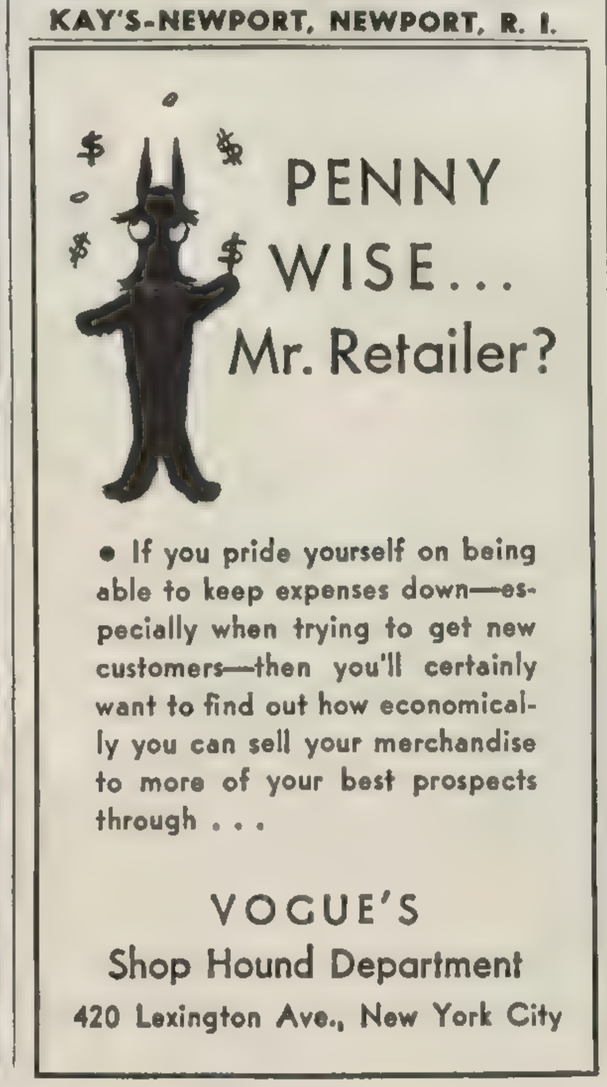

Shop Hound

Constant Reader

On-Colour Story. This suit is in a glowing shrimp colour, but you can choose the same suit of cashmere wool in any number of fine, forceful colours. Sizes 12 to 16; $95. It's in the white-canopied corner of Harry Collins' shop at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street, which is called, forthrightly, "Canopy Square." There are whole platoons of "Collins Designs," meticulously tailored, and with the extra virtue of ready-to-wear prices.

Speaking Subtly. There's more than meets the eye in the work of Fred the Hairstylist, 18 East Forty-Ninth Street. And that's its commendation. His forte is bleaching and tinting, covering grey hair or restoring colour—all so diplomatically that the results of his attentions can't easily be appraised. He also gives that new kind of a permanent—a heatless, machineless "cold wave."

Fleece-lined, and cosy as the sight of smoke curling from a chimney are these slippers and gloves of reversed lambskin. Hand-sewn, in natural or brown, the slippers are $3.50, the gloves $6.50, with postage paid. Get them from Fashions in Lambskins, 6 East Forty-Fifth Street.

Easy on the Eyes. Here we have an array of spectacles, as varied as one's accessories are. Above are straightforward spectacles of coloured plastic in an unusual, oblong shape. $12. In the centre is a folding lorgnette, which collapses quietly into a shadow of its former self, saving space in bulging hand-bags. $10. At the bottom is a lorgnette little bigger than a lipstick, for hasty scanning of menus or theatre programs. Of silver and enamelled, it flicks into a minute case. $22. All lenses extra. All prices include postage. Lugene, Inc., 604 Madison Avenue, makes them.

VOGUE STUDIOS

Floor Show. That might be you, agilely taking a turn about the dance floor, in your new short black evening dress. Could be, too, that you're wearing black suède pumps like these light-footed ones for dancing. With sizable bows perched on their toes, they are $8.95, plus postage. Kays-Newport, 136 Westminster Street, Providence, Rhode Island, will gladly make them yours.

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3. Soften—Smooth on Tussy *Rich Cream*...particularly around eyes...to help against dryness, fine lines. Leave on over night. Follow this simple, effective, and time-saving home treatment daily for a bride-like complexion your husband will adore!

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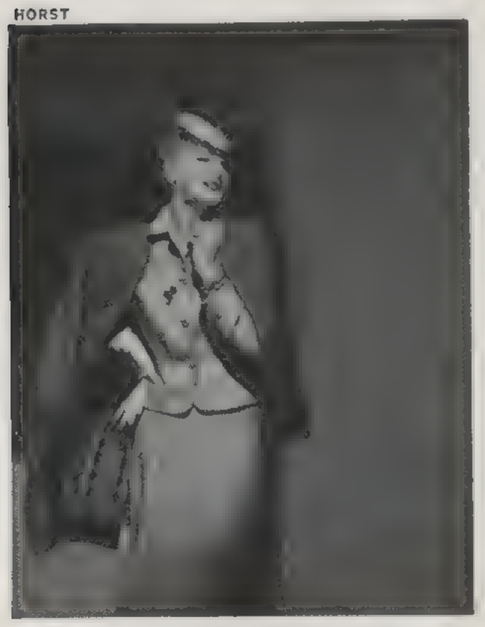
HORST



On the cover—the new trim, disciplined look. Red coat, pink suit and cap of Stroock wool, from Peck and Peck. Bag; Mark Cross. Vad V 1 lipstick, rich in vitamins A, D. White cotton Dawnelle gloves

JANUARY 15, 1943

VOGUE

incorporating VANITY FAIR

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LOOK ALIVE

The languorous look is out for the duration. There's work to be done. And you're doing it—more than you ever thought you could. When you look alive you *feel* alive. When you feel alive you *act* alive. So look alive

WITH* Germaine Monteil's *CLEANSING CREAM AND SKIN FRESHENER

to liberate your skin from its mask of grime.

Germaine Monteil's ***NIGHT AND ROSE SKIN CREAM***

to soothe and lubricate your skin while you sleep.

Germaine Monteil's ***BEAUTY BALM***

to protect your skin, to give it living translucency.

Germaine Monteil's ***POWDER***

a sheer veil of loveliness as invisible as wind.

Germaine Monteil's ***LIPSTICK***

to animate your own skin tone with vital color.

Vogue's-Eye View of a Gentle Reader

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

TSK! TSK! Whatever would Papa think? These abandoned young women, having staged a daring raid on the library, are actually reading some of the books in it—and not, by the look of things, the works of dear Miss Alcott, either. They may be reading (frightful thought!) French novels. Or the newfangled doctrines of Mr. Darwin, with his dangerous nonsense about Evolution. One was as bad as the other for a gentle reader of 1870. She was supposed to be pretty and womanly and pleasant to look at. Period.

Nowadays, ladies are not only allowed to read, to think, to have ideas, and to form opinions; they're practically required, by the pressure of the times, to do so. But they're still supposed to be pretty and womanly and pleasant to look at. This issue of Vogue—our January Reader—can be read with profit on both counts. It's designed to spruce up both your thinking and your looks; to furnish ideas for both the inside and outside of your head; to keep you from having nothing on your back—or nothing between your ears.

The skirt steals the show on this new bolero suit

Fewer... Simpler... Better

—the new clothes credo for spring 1943

FEWER clothes. Simpler clothes. Better clothes. That's the blueprint for fashion, this spring. It was a good blueprint for any spring; it's the only possible, workable blueprint now. It meets the specifications of our wartime lives; and it meets the specifications of our Government's wartime economy. Women and Washington see eye to eye on it. It's what the Army calls "operational"—another way of saying that it works.

You'll have fewer clothes because you have neither the time nor the money to clutter up your life with non-essentials. You'll have simpler clothes because in these days anything elaborate looks silly. (Fuss and folderol just don't go with working long hours; with getting around in taxi-less, dimmed-out streets; with impromptu, informal entertaining.) You'll have better clothes because anything you buy will be chosen, after long thought, to last for the duration of the war. And, if possible, even after that.

TIDY IS THE WORD. The tidy look is the look you want, this spring. Not the pernickety tidiness of a schoolmarm, but the disciplined, competent look of a busy, well-organized woman. Not primness, but trimness. You'll admire again the good clean look of grey flannel. Of navy-blue and white. Of pin checks and pin stripes, as neat as their namesake. You'll like starched white at your neck and wrists; spick-and-span white gloves...fifteen models are wearing them in this issue. (Count 'em, fifteen.) You'll want something on your head that stays put—a sleek little skull-cap or beret; a trim sailor. You'll want your hair brushed up—or twisted in a chignon. Or caught under a veil, tied so that not a single strand blows loose.

THE SUIT TO SEE YOU THROUGH. Your first buy might be a suit—a suit with staying-power. There are four main types to choose from: the waistcoat suit; the bolero suit; the box-jacket suit; the fitted suit. Newest is the waistcoat suit—it looks like a man's waistcoat with two sleeves added. Usually it has a Tattersall-checked or plaid front, a plain back. 1943 bolero suits often have the bolero in a contrasting colour—like the cocoa-coloured one over a blue skirt, opposite; or like a blue one over a black skirt. The box-jacket suit has a shorter box-jacket than usual, stopping quite a bit above wrist-length. It's particularly fine in grey flannel. The fitted jacket is also shorter, much like the Chanel jackets of old. (Continued on page 88)

← *Bolero Suit (opposite)*

Half the news in spring suits is in the skirt. On the new wool bolero suit opposite—the skirt—narrow as it is—steals the show. It contrasts with the jacket, and it is accented with a cocoa-coloured insert that ties in a bow on one hip. The neat blouse is of white rayon crêpe. Maurice Rentner design. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin

RAWLINGS

Waistcoat Suit: Very 1943, very new (who said fabric-saving rules would railroad us into regimented styles?), very good in Tattersall checks, as above. The checked waistcoat is, in reality, a wool jacket with black sleeves and back; the skirt is of black men's-wear wool. The blouse is carnation-red silk crêpe. Together, they spell a Traina-Norell suit which doesn't take itself too seriously and has an altogether fresh look. Wear it with a white felt fedora, banded in red. Sling a Victorian watch-chain between the pockets. Suit and hat at Bonwit Teller; Marshall Field

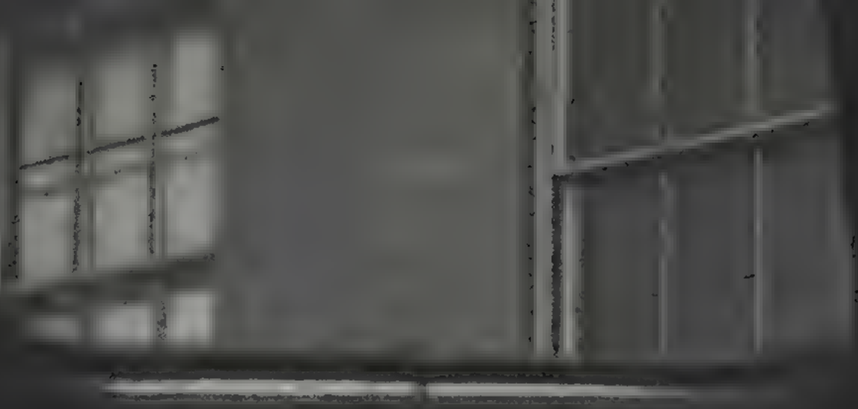
Waistcoat Alias Jacket: If your husband takes one look at your new spring suit and starts counting his vests, reassure him that you haven't taken to larceny. Prove that your weskit is really a jacket and as feminine as they come, using the two waistcoat-suits above as exhibits A and B. First: Short overcoat of navy-and-white pin-check wool; checked waistcoat with navy sleeves and skirt. Milgrim; Thalhimers. Second: Outsize navy-and-red check vest with sleeves and skirt of black Hockanum wool. A Ben Reig design at Jay-Thorpe; Vandervoort's; Harzfeld's

JOFFÉ

The Simpler, the Better

(ABOVE) Somehow, simple, no-nonsense lines have always made fashion sense. Good sense. Somehow, a suit with these lines never becomes an antique. Here—a Swansdown suit that qualifies. Waistcoat-like jacket with whopping gilt buttons; skirt with a little front-fullness. Of brown wool crêpe; $40. Red felt beret; classic, washable gloves. All, Saks-Fifth Avenue

(OPPOSITE) Somehow, simple, straightforward hats make sense. The kind of hats that, to a man's way of thinking, deserve the name *hat*. Because they're head-hugging, head-flattering. Because, once put, they stay put. (And never mind an every-five-minutes check-up.) These, by Dobbs. Brown felt cloche. Red diced felt beret. Dobbs; Carson Pirie Scott; Famous-Barr



Suits with Staying-Power

Window-shopping on the first warm day—eight new suits with this spring's coveted trim look. Above, precise chalk stripes on grey imported men's-wear flannel. Under $100. At Lord and Taylor

A suit that gives the effect of softness—without sacrificing neatness. Grey Hockanum wool; white cotton piqué dickey. $50. Bergdorf Goodman

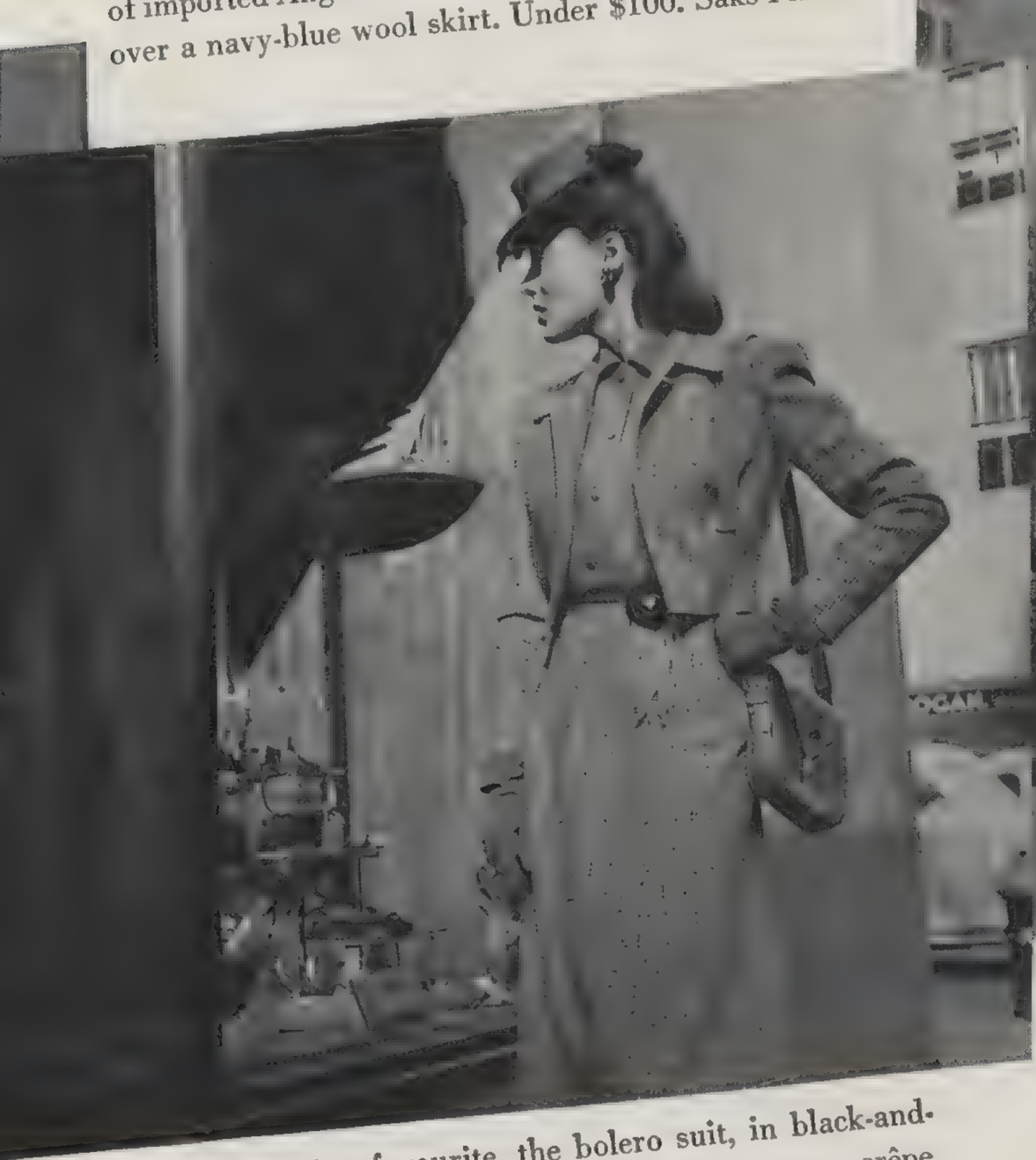
JOFFÉ

Allied strategy—a flame-coloured pure wool jacket over a navy-blue skirt. Red-white-and-blue polka-dotted blouse of rayon crêpe. The jacket has jewel-like buttons. Suit; $85. Altman

Not tailored, but tidy—this box-jacket suit of black wool, with a high-collared shirt of red-white-and-black cotton. $60. Suit; Jay-Thorpe

Big blue-and-white checkerboard checks on a jacket of imported Angora wool, trimly belted and buttoned over a navy-blue wool skirt. Under $100. Saks-Fifth

The kind of suit you'll live in all spring—all year, for that matter. High-buttoned jacket and skirt of Stroock green wool. Tailored by Brittany. $40. Russeks



That fine spring favourite, the bolero suit, in black-and-white imported wool, nicely fitted. Royal-blue rayon crêpe shirt with a green stripe. Suit; $85. Saks-Fifth Avenue

Beautifully simple suit of grey wool flannel, with six pockets; flashes of fresh white cotton piqué at the neck and wrists. $30. At Altman

BOUGUEREAU'S HISTORIC

Nymphs and Satyr

For long America's most discussed painting, it reappears suddenly after forty years

By Frank Crowninshield

THE great and prolonged renown of Bouguereau's "Nymphs and Satyr"—painted in 1873, and reproduced here, for the first time, in colour—derived from a number of causes. Among them was its long and close association, in the minds of old New Yorkers, with the most spectacular murder of the 'Seventies, the principals of which were Edward S. Stokes, the slayer, and owner of the painting; the victim, Colonel Jim Fisk; and Josie Mansfield, *raison d'être* of the killing. Concerning that crime, a good deal more will be said in this article.

But Bouguereau's masterpiece gained renown for other reasons: its beauty as a work of art; the fame of its creator; its mysterious disappearance from public view, and the glittering, not to say humiliating locale which it so long glorified, namely, the old barroom of the Hoffman House, then the most famous drinking place in America. The canvas, nearly twelve feet high, was, for the reasons named, long the best-known picture in America.

It was in 1901, at the death of Edward S. Stokes, that it vanished from sight for a period of forty years. But now, wholly by accident, it has at last reappeared as if to challenge the public and the critics of a wholly new day.

What is also intriguing news is that this historic canvas (beginning on January 11 and continuing for three weeks) will be exhibited, in New York, for the benefit of the Fighting French Relief Committee. It will be shown, quite alone, in the gallery at Durand-Ruel's, 12 East Fifty-seventh Street.

These sportive nymphs, on the opposite page, were conceived, as will be seen, much as Ovid might have imagined them, but, somehow, immaterialized by their white and pearl-like lustre. The canvas is painted with great knowledge and sensitivity. The paint is thinly spread; its surface smooth. The hands, feet, faces, and hair are miracles of draftsmanship. The light filters beautifully through the foliage; the bodies move in a warm, clear, and vibrating air. Again, the composition, apparently so simple a matter, is organized with extraordinary skill; a brave solution of a complicated spatial problem.

It is amusing to remember, and almost impossible to believe, that the canvas (which, as we can now see, is a work of the greatest innocency) was denounced as a scandalous work during the untutored 'Eighties, when paintings of the nude, however reticently or reverently conceived, were inevitably confounded with impropriety.

The story of the rediscovery of the canvas is interesting. On a recent visit to an old warehouse, to inspect some pictures by Degas and Renoir, stored there by Durand-Ruel, their American Director found himself, by a happy mischance, in a dark and vaulted chamber in which an army of pianos had been stored. In groping his way about, he discerned a gold frame, thirteen feet high, within the limits of which a group of female figures floated indistinctly. Then, when the iron shutters had been opened and the gloom dispelled, Bouguereau's long-imprisoned dryads appeared, literally, to dance into the room. The records of the warehouse were thereupon searched, the owner of the painting discovered, the canvas purchased by its discoverer, and the nymphs, after forty years of duress, at last set free. What, also, is pleasant to know is that the picture was immediately re-sold, to an important and extremely knowledgeable New York collector.

A MURDER IN THE 'SEVENTIES: It was at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, January 6, 1872, that Jim Fisk, thirty-seven years old—at various times a farmer, showman, soldier, and theatrical manager, but then Comptroller of the Erie Railroad, partner of Jay Gould, friend of "Boss" Tweed, Colonel of the Ninth Regiment (National Guard), principal villain in the Black Friday panic of 1869, Admiral of the Fall River Line, driver of a galloping six-in-hand drag, and introducer of French *opéra bouffe* to America—was shot to death by the handsome Edward S. Stokes, then only thirty-one, and at one time the Colonel's partner and bosom friend.

The two men had quarreled, more or less continuously, over the partitions of their loot and their shady business partnerships, and, in particular, over Miss Helen Josephine Mansfield, a lady who, having enjoyed a profitable liaison with Colonel Fisk, had transferred her somewhat volatile affections, certainly with less hope of riches, to the younger and more attractive Stokes.

On the day of the killing, the *New York Herald* described the appearance of the outrageous three, as they had faced one another in court on the previous morning, in a blackmail suit, defended by (Continued on page 86)

CONDÉ NAST ENGRAVING

"Nymphs and Satyr"... Bouguereau's Most Famous Painting

RAWLINGS

Lamb's Tale of Beauty

Don't let all those sheep you count before you go to sleep get away over the fence. Keep a few tethered (figuratively!) to your dressing-table—for your complexion's sake.

For sheep's wool can do more than keep you warm—from sheep's wool comes lanolin, the oil most closely parallel to the natural oil of our own skin. The oil to protect your beauty against the driving winter winds, the baking summer suns.

The Botany Worsted Mills, which have been spinning from the finest sheep's wool for over half a century, are one of the great sources of lanolin. And now they are making their own Botany Lanolin skin preparations: two rich creams, a silky hand lotion—and a hell-for-lather soap. All packaged with rose sprigs like their famous wool challis—which makes this nightgown. Botany creams, lotion, soap; Botany wool challis: at Lord and Taylor.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

THE square-headed Dutch. First to add meat and marrow to the Atlantic Charter, the undauntable Queen Wilhelmina in a memorable broadcast squarely rejected Empire, squarely offered her plea for Commonwealth.... Our sleekest, newest, super-est aircraft carrier. Riveted with tradition, she's called *U. S. S. Bunker Hill*.... Greer Garson and Ronald Colman in the moving film, "Random Harvest," the screen's latest James Hilton hit....

Licia Albanese, who electrified the ponderous Metropolitan with her high-voltage voice singing Violetta in "La Traviata," gave the opera crackle and excitement.... Djanel, the best and most seductive "Salome" since Mary Garden. And Georg Szell, the Budapest-born composer, who for years conducted the great orchestras of Europe, and was shunted into cut-rate assignments when he came to America. Now he's hitting his stride again conducting at the Metropolitan....

Admiral Darlan who, in the Wall Street idiom, is "an opportunist taking advantage of an opportunist market."... The re-appraisal of Stephen Crane, a writer who was elbowed aside thirty years ago. Now men who have been torpedoed say his short story, "The Open Boat," with its no longer far-fetched similes, is the best account yet written about the experience....

The new night-club, Casbah, decorated by Franklin Hughes. Done in yards of scorched beige, with Oriental lanterns leering from the walls, it's all plush and about as Algerian as a Masonic Temple....

People are talking about...

Kosta Nagy, the thirty-two-year-old head of the Yugoslavian Partisans. A fighting anti-Nazi Army, they print their own newspapers in the Yugoslav forests, make their own bombs and munitions, and fight the Germans, not as guerillas, but as well-organized fighting units....

Ethel Merman singing "He's a Right Guy" in Cole Porter's new show, "Something for the Boys."... The new Alaska highway—miles of corduroy slung over swamps, punched through forests.... The prodigious show, "Artists for Victory," sprawling through twenty-nine galleries at the Metropolitan Museum.

The Merchant Seaman's Club, just opened by the American Theatre Wing—a Stage Door Canteen for all seamen, where second mates from the imperishable Norwegian fleet, barefooted Lascar seamen, and Iowa boys in lumber-jackets can meet, relax, and have fun.... Six-year-old Joel Kupperman of the Quiz Kids, as erudite as John Kieran.... And Margaret O'Brien, the seven-year-old discovery, who plays the lead in the movie version of William L. White's tender story, *Journey for Margaret*....

"Report on Japan," by Ambassador Joseph C. Grew, a soberly understated, but clinical estimate, made the more emphatic by its lack of vindictiveness.... White paint, the latest, the most effective camouflage weapon of ships on the heaving white hell of Northern convoy routes....

People are talking about...

The Klondike rush on Washington's Office of Alien Property, where 27,000 alien patents on drugs, smelting processes, welding, aircraft, gasoline, are there for the grabbing.... Larry Lesueur, a CBS correspondent, back after a year in Russia. An unquenchable torrent of talk, he's speaking all over town and supplying material for the radio series, "An American in Russia," with its clean, hard-packed script written by Norman Corwin....

Radio's "Town Hall Cracker Barrel," the shirt-sleeved version of the Chicago University Round Table. Setting such oddly-assorted pundits as Major George Fielding Eliot and Oswald Garrison Villard onto a subject like the rôle of typewriter strategists—it lets the chips fall where they may.... The wide-open chance for women volunteers to help public health nurses in important preventive medicine work.... The exhibit, "Brazil Builds," at the Museum of Modern Art, which, by throwing the spot-light on the modern architecture of our South American ally, makes many of our most daring buildings seem as stolid as silos....

People are talking about...

The only song hit written in praise of a short, fat man, "Mr. Five by Five."... The greatest liquor cache in history, those 17,000,000 gallons of whisky buried in Scotland's highland caves for safekeeping for the duration....

The complete understanding between American soldiers from the Appalachian backhills and soldiers from the inland English counties. They talk a singular gibberish, unintelligible to other Americans or Britishers—it's pure Elizabethan, almost uncorrupted, the patois of both the inland Britishers and isolated American hillbillies....

Slim-as-a-Slip Dress

New round neckline.
Printed, beaded rayon crepe.
(Jacket version in background.)
Hattie Carnegie Original

Basque-Bustle Dress
Neck round all around.
Black silk velvet and satin.
(Beige version in background.)
Bergdorf Goodman Original

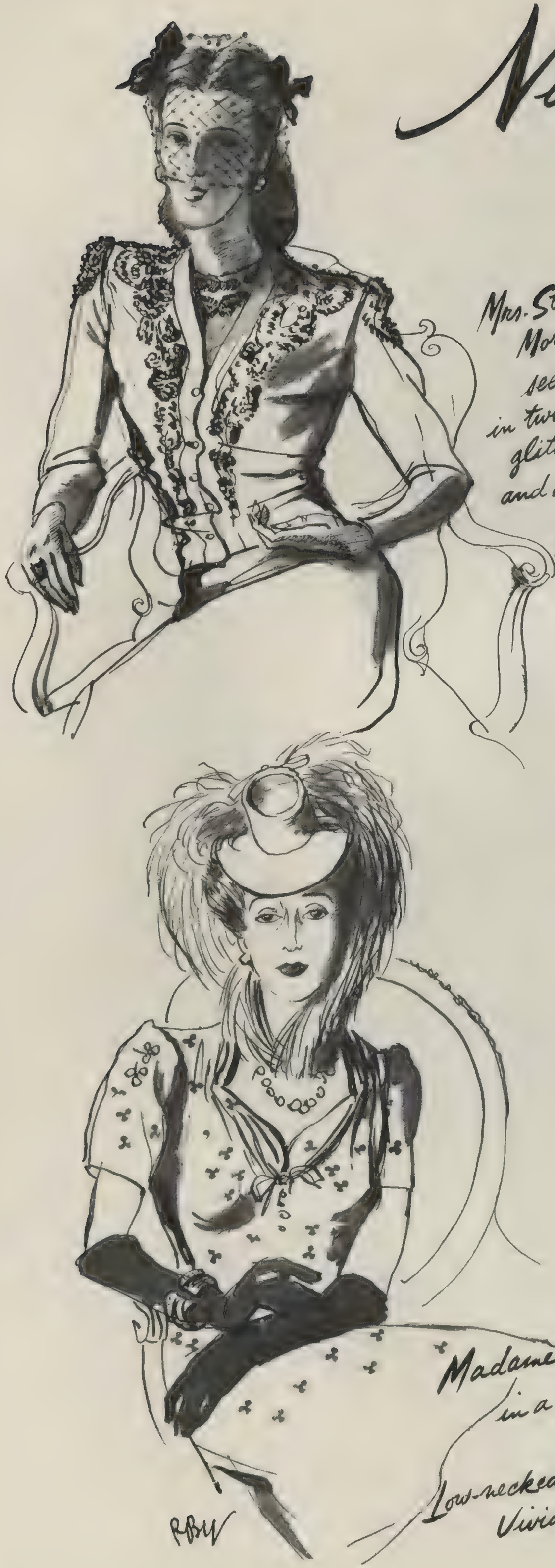
SPRING SATIN

HORST

Think now of satin—as a spring fabric. See how fresh it is, above, in a white blouse, black skirt, tiny skullcap, short gloves, satin pumps. Rose Barrack dress. All; Saks-Fifth Ave. • Opposite—a shining black satin dress—with a breath of net over head and skirt. Then, innocent white gloves, black satin pumps. All the satins are rayon. Costume; Altman

JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF AND ARPELS

New look at night...



Mrs. Stanley G. Mortimer, junior, seen at night in twin black sweaters glittering with jet, and a short black skirt. Veil over eyes. Bows over ears

Mrs. Byron C. Foy in a short dress with a new degree of formality. Ballroom décolletage, head-dress of glistening feathers

Madame Antenor Patiño in a dress that's day-length, but definitely evening. Low-necked brocaded taffeta. Vivid green sailor with ostrich framing her face

Six smart examples

Mrs. Geoffrey McN. Gates
has two skirts – short and long
for her black satin suit.
Black lace and sequin blouse.
And the little skull-cap
seen on the smartest heads

Mrs. Harold W. Brooks
dresses for impromptu
evenings like this:
Black wool jacket, satin lapels.
One short wool skirt.
One long satin skirt.
Pink chiffon blouse.
Pink and green ostrich hat

Mrs. Herbert Weston
gives her short black dress
a dress-up look with jewels
and a black feather head-dress
twined with blue ribbon

BALKIN

"The Three Sisters"

Ruth Gordon, Katharine Cornell, and Judith Anderson, co-stars in Chekhov's sorrowful play. A revival, "The Three Sisters" becomes currently exciting because Katharine Cornell and Judith Anderson, both great stars, play non-star parts; because Ruth Gordon plays her fat part with spiteful expertise; because of Guthrie McClintic's compelling adaptation of the play

In Defense of Staying Put

Households of continuance—they stand against forgetfulness—they focus a nation's dreams

BY OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Oliver St. John Gogarty, M.D., assisted at the rebirth of Irish letters. To his friends, Lady Gregory, Yeats, Synge, Moore, AE, Douglas Hyde, he offered knowing advice and noisy criticism. From his friend, James Joyce, he received—in the character of Buck Mulligan in "Ulysses"—an epitaph, and immortality.*

A practising physician, a bard, a writer of racy memoirs, a classical scholar with a stock of unfamiliar quotations, Dr. Gogarty talks with genius, and shoots with the bow and arrow in no amateur way.]

WHEN one thinks of certain places in old cities—places made famous by famous men—gracious old streets such as those wherein Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson dwelt in London, or Dublin's Ely Place—that cul-de-sac closed by apple blossoms, where lived the poet George Russell and the novelist George Moore—one begins to wonder if culture could possibly be fostered in a city where the average length of a tenancy is two years.

What is it that causes this Bedouin existence, this aimless running about? The overgrowth of cities is, to some extent, accountable. A deeper cause lies in an education which is not classical and static, but modern and relative. But there are pleasant old towns in America well suited to be cradles of a culture. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, would not have felt homesick in one of the tall-windowed houses of Baltimore, set back in a quiet street. Shakespeare would have got on quite nicely in Richmond by the banks of that clear river full of little rocky islets, which is a lovelier river than the Thames.

In England are castles, halls, cathedrals, hamlets like Swanton Morley where Chaucer's pilgrims went, places ripe with centuries of a nation's culture. The London Corporation has a scheme of decorating with metal plaques the homes of distinguished men. Not only does this procedure prevent disruption of the nation's character by the loss of its traditions, but it brings closer those not of English blood who reach fame through the civilization of England. Thomas Carlyle was Scotch (and gruff); George Moore was Irish (and rather queer). Yet plaques mark their houses, and by this they are merged in a culture to which they richly contributed.

THE Mermaid, the Sunne, The Dog, the Triple Tunne were households of continuance just as certainly as were the great houses that stood apart in the country, surrounded by their parks, houses that were epitomes of the artistic life of their times. You could always be sure of finding men of weight and worth in the Mermaid Tavern—men like Ben Jonson, who would sit and discuss the latest news of the return of *The Golden Hind*. The Cheshire Cheese still stands and serves its customers late into the night. It has not been much altered since Dr. Johnson sat there. You may sit in the same chair and recall attentive Boswell, who recorded him so objectively; or Joshua Reynolds, who portrayed him so well. For those whose station in life precluded them from visiting the great houses—and it was from men of this class that the greatest contributions to culture came—the tavern was the centre of their civilization. Few of the oldest inns, such as the Tabard or the Mermaid, remain intact, but tradition marks their sites—a tradition not subject to changes.

In England and Scotland, not only houses, but whole districts are associated with the memories of famous men. There is the Walter Scott country; the country of the ballads "by the dowie braes of Yarrow"; the Ayrshire country of Robert Burns. In the south of England in Devonshire is the Hardy country, which he called Wessex. There they will point out the jail in which Tess was hanged, the house where Angel Good spent the first night of his marriage. They will do it with as much conviction as if the characters had really lived. This provides another example of the effect of locality on culture, of the need for anchoring in some place the lore of a country. This is instinct in a people—they wish to house their dreams.

SHELLEY'S house, Field Place, is deep in Sussex—a Georgian mansion built of cut stone. He was neither a blithe nor a blessed spirit, so there is little inspiration about his birthplace. But the Big House at Coole, Ireland, is an example of what a household of continuance can do for its nation. There Lady Gregory entertained for sixty years the men who made the Irish Literary Renaissance. If a cottager nearby were leaning over his half-door early on a spring morning, and if he were curious about visitors (what countryman is not?) he might have beheld a tall, red-bearded figure striding pugnaciously in pursuit of health. It is said that he carved his initials, "G.B.S.", on a tree. If this legend is true, it must have been for the good of the tree rather than of anyone seeking a tryst with George Bernard Shaw.

Later, another tall figure, but black-shocked, olive-skinned, and dreamy, would emerge. On the lake shore, he would stand and count the wild swans humming like a hive of bees until "beauty born of murmuring sound" arose and was held in words, making the most mellifluous blank verse in modern poetry . . . "I walked among the seven woods of Coole . . ." The enchanted eyes were those of the mystic poet, George Russell, who wrote under the penname, AE.

Later in the day, but more likely later in some other day (for Lady Gregory knew how to match her guests), might be seen George Moore with his peg-top trousers and petulant urbanity. He must have been invited once and never again, because he ridiculed the visits of Lady Gregory, Yeats, and Douglas Hyde (the Irish scholar, now Governor-General of the Irish Free State) to the cottages of country people to rescue some tale written in Gaelic and preserved only in the memory of the people.

On the cottagers for many miles around, the influence of the Big House could be felt. It taught them to value the olden culture that they still possessed. It stood against forgetfulness. It checked erosion of a nation's traditions. To find such a house in the United States, you might visit Longfellow's home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, which has all the grandeur of a great period. Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau dwelt around it, the arts prospered, and the inspiration of the house flowed over the land.

When parchments crumble and great men die, monuments remain. A house outlives its owner, and from old cities and old houses there can emanate a reviving memory of men who died for liberty or sang for joy of life.

Twelve Points on Italy

On revolution, money, women, morale . . . proving the Italians incorrigible bourgeois, easygoing realists

BY REYNOLDS AND ELEANOR PACKARD

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reynolds and Eleanor Packard have just hustled off by plane—he to Africa, she to Ankara, after writing their first book, "Balcony Empire," a survey of Fascist Italy. Mrs. Packard, who was from a Washington ranch, and Mr. Packard, who had studied for the ministry, met in Paris. They married in Vienna, and since then have covered most of the world for the United Press. They know Italy down to the marrow and up to the minute, for they returned from Rome last June, after Mr. Packard had been guest in an Italian prison.*]

1. Would enough Italians rise up as a Fifth Column to welcome an Anglo-American invasion?

THERE is a potential Fifth Column, but—and it is a big *but* which can be understood only by those who know the psychology of the Italian people—they will not revolt against Fascism unless they feel they have at least a seventy-five per cent. chance of succeeding. In other words, they would have to be sure that any Anglo-American landing in Italy would be not merely a feeler, like the August raid on Dieppe.

The Italians are *not* hot-blooded, impulsive, revolutionary, as so many Nordic observers are inclined to believe. Instead, they are cynical, sophisticated, and easygoing. They prefer expediencies to principles; political compromises to bloody uprisings. As a result of this native caution, the Italian masses will undoubtedly wait for real, tangible help from the United Nations before attempting alone the overthrow of Mussolini, who is reinforced by the thousands of Nazi troops in Italy. The Italians may attempt a diplomatic and political somersault at the critical moment, landing them on the bandwagon of a United Nations' victory. It is even possible that Mussolini—once he is convinced that the Axis is going to lose the war—may try to save himself by arranging some political deal in which he will "invite" some anti-Fascist leader to "revolt," thereby placing the reins of Italian Government in the hands of a man who would be acceptable to the Americans and English.

2. What form of Government would the Italian people most probably choose to replace the Fascist régime?

It would depend on the political group that wins out in the scramble for power when the Fascists are overthrown, but, as pure speculation, we venture to guess that it would be a constitutional monarchy along British lines. As a reaction against Fascism, the new Government would be liberal and democratic, but it is doubtful that the ever-practical Italians would cast aside any possibility of regaining at least part of their overseas territories by ousting the Royal Family. Without the King, who took the title of Emperor on the strength of the African colonies, even a non-Fascist Italy would find it difficult to put forward, at some future date, any claim for a return of lands nominally held by the Crown. When the war has been over for some years and Italy has succeeded in reestablishing friendly relations with her foes, we feel sure that these claims will be advanced through diplomatic channels.

All this, of course, implies that the Royal Family—which has long worked hand-in-hand with Mussolini—will have to be cleansed of its taint of Fascism, as it undoubtedly will be. Without a King, the Italians would fear that much of the State's stability would be lost. The House of Savoy, which fought for the unification of Italy in the nineteenth century, has become the symbol of unified Italy, just as the English King symbolizes the solidarity of the British Empire.

3. What do Italians consider the safest wartime investment for their money?

Despite all the efforts of the Fascist Party to compel moneyed people to invest in state bonds, Italians steer clear of these whenever possible. With their growing realization that Italy will probably lose the war, Italians have been seeking investments that will have a real value regardless of an Axis defeat. In their predicament, they instinctively turn to investing in works of art. Consequently, the prices of paintings, etchings, statuary, carvings, antique furniture, illuminated parchments, and all other types of art on the open market have trebled. After the war, these *objets d'art* probably will not bring such high prices as they do now, but at least they will be worth something—and that's more than the Italians think can be said for Fascist Government bonds.

4. Have the historic places of Italy been militarized as a result of the war?

Since Mussolini realizes the increasing unpopularity of the war among the Italian people, he has carefully tried to preserve the peacetime look of Italian cities. He wanted the people to feel that the war was so far away that it would not affect their home lives; he was compelled, however, by the food shortage to plant vegetables instead of flowers in the parks. Beans and potatoes flourish in the Borghese Gardens of Rome.

5. Is Ciano still the golden boy, and does his wife, Edda, still exert political influence on her father?

Ciano, who jumped some seventeen grades in the diplomatic service within a year (when, as Second Secretary in Shanghai, he married Edda), still rates with Mussolini, if not with the Duce's daughter. In spite of all Ciano's open philandering on the beach at Ostia and at week-end parties in Venice and Capri, he still holds the esteem of Mussolini, who considers him a hard worker and an able diplomat. There are probably two reasons for this: first, no one dares to inform on Ciano, who is now a power in his own right; and secondly, Mussolini, who is an arch-Lothario himself, would be the last to expect fidelity in his son-in-law. Mussolini is proud of his own promiscuity and of that of his henchmen. At no time has the blatancy of their love-affairs interfered with the careers of Fascist statesmen. If anything, it has accelerated them.

We have heard usually well-informed Americans attribute the political alliance between Italy and Germany to the evil political genius of Edda Mussolini. This impression was caused by a coincidence. She happened to spend three months in Berlin on a holiday, just before the final negotiations for the Axis were completed. Many observers—misguided ones, we think—concluded that she must have played an active part in those negotiations, either as a secret participant or as an adviser to her father. But neither before nor after this alliance has there been any indication that she could influence her pigheaded father in any way. Probably for the sake of their three

children, Edda and Ciano keep up amicable, if not affectionate, appearances, but it's an open secret that they're separated most of the time. Incidentally, neither Edda nor her husband—who is a master linguist—speaks German.

6. Are Italian women still meekly producing great numbers of little Blackshirts?

Mussolini is still successfully exploiting the fertility of Italian women. He saw to it that soldiers, except in Africa and Russia, got a furlough once a year so they could return to their homes for a few days and have every opportunity to increase the number of their children in spite of their military service. In fact, we saw during our war-stay in Italy as many obviously pregnant women on the streets as in peacetime.

One of the best Fascist tricks to promote Il Duce's More Babies Campaign was the wartime rationing decree allowing newlyweds to buy six sheets more than the regular quota, provided they were for a double bed and not twin beds. *Famiglie numerose* were accorded special financial facilities and exemptions from many taxes, while wartime prizes for parents with the most children in each region steadily increased. Italian women don't regard bearing eight or nine children as a hardship, and they love rearing large families. It is their only form of creative expression.

7. Are the women still confined to the kitchen and cradle, or are they now in factories, on farms, or doing Army auxiliary work to replace men?

The Italian women have not become modernized as a result of the war. They still stick to their kitchens and cradles, in accordance with the Fascist view that old-fashioned femininity, with special emphasis on domesticity, is essential to the peace of mind of their men at the Front. With the outbreak of the war, the Fascist Party immediately decreed that slacks and shorts must not be worn by Italian women "because they are symbols of the masculinity of Anglo-Saxon Amazons." As a result of this over-gallant attitude, the Italian women's war work has been confined almost exclusively to Red Cross activities and social service work among the poor. In the industrial north, a few women fill the more ladylike positions in Milan and Turin war plants.

One of the worst tragedies of the war has been the Fascist order prohibiting women from wearing mourning for relatives killed at the Front. Women must dress gaily to camouflage the widespread suffering over Italian casualties.

8. Do the boatmen, delivery boys, sweepers, and cooks all carol away as they once did?

The Italians are perpetually so full of music that neither Fascism nor the war has put an end to their singing. In fact, to hear the Italians sing you wouldn't realize how much suffering they are enduring. It is now their one escape from hardships and anxieties. All the opera houses are open, the main difference being that performances start at 5:30 in the afternoon to conform with curfew laws, instead of at 9:15 as in the old days. (Evening clothes are forbidden.) With operas given as benefits, the admission prices frequently range from four *kilos* of wool for a box to one *kilo* of wool for a back seat in the orchestra. The wool collected is given to the Army.

9. Do the Italians believe that no Christian will bomb Vatican City?

Yes, they definitely did—up to the time we left Italy on the Diplomatic Train. And so do the Germans. The Rome station, Termini, has become one of the biggest relay points for German troops going to and from Libya. Scores of signs in German give general directions to Nazi troops changing trains.

The Fascists had not attempted to build any bomb-proof shelters other than to open one or two catacombs, dug by the early Christians—which could accommodate only a small fraction of the population. Taking advantage of the Christian attitude of the United Nations toward the Vatican City, Mussolini continued to live in complete tranquillity in his regular residence in Villa Torlonia, and to work daily at his office in Palazzo Venezia, where he plotted his war strategy and held frequent war councils. The Ministries of War, Navy, and Air continued to function in Rome. The Hotel de Russie, once popular with American tourists in Rome, was converted into staff headquarters for the Nazi forces early in the war. Even before the mass bombardments started, people flocked to Rome by the thousands. Rome was the one city in the entire country where the Italians felt safe from air attacks.

10. Is there any Communist movement simmering under the surface in Italy?

Yes, the Communist elements that were active at the time of the Fascist March on Rome have never completely disappeared. Among the poorest sections of the population, the Communist ideal continues to exert a strong attraction. In this class, and among young University students, the professional Communist agents have concentrated their efforts, despite the watchfulness of the Fascist police.

After Italy got into the war, we heard reports of several secret trials in which at least ten students in Rome alone—most of them less than twenty-two years old—were convicted of Communist activity and given sentences ranging from six to twenty years in prison. It is difficult to gauge the strength of such an Underground Movement, but we don't believe it is nearly strong enough to turn Italy into a Soviet country once the Fascists are expelled. The Italians are, as a whole, incorrigibly bourgeois.

11. Are the Italians congenitally bad soldiers, or are they just bored with Mussolini? Would they fight well if they were on the side of the Allies?

The Italian soldiers are not half so bad as most people think, and not half so good as they believe themselves to be. The Italian soldiers under Fascism have been the victims of inefficiency and bad strategy behind the lines, and of political intrigues in Rome. At Guadalajara and against the Greeks in Albania, they didn't have their hearts in the fighting. Constantly they felt that they were being let down by Fascist politicians bent on needless conquest.

In any event, the Italian soldier since Fascism has had no chance to show his mettle under conditions which would prove his intrinsic worth as an all-out fighter. He probably would fight fairly well on the side of the Allies for the defense of his own country against German aggrandizement. But there is always the recollection of the Italian collapse at Caporetto, when Italy was on the side of America and England.

12. Are there jokes or funny songs circulating under cover, ridiculing the Fascist régime?

Yes, there are hundreds of jokes told under-cover in Italy that poke very grim fun at Mussolini and the Fascist régime. Many of them do not strike us as funny, but they have more wit to them in Italy. There the joker is apt to be arrested if an informer overhears.

A Fascist schoolteacher asked a pupil what he was thinking of. The pupil said, "I'm thinking of the Fascist Martyrs."

"That's wonderful," said the teacher. "Do you know how many Fascist Martyrs there are?"

"Oh, yes. There are forty-four million of them."

The Improbable 'Twenties

There were some jazz babies, but most of us actually drank milk

BY NANCY HALE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Nancy Hale's new novel, "The Prodigal Women," has been high on best-seller lists since its publication. For some six years, Miss Hale was a member of the staff of Vogue and Vanity Fair; now she lives near Washington, writing her psychic, precise short stories. Her New England ancestors—respectably sensational—include Nathan Hale, Edward Everett Hale, and Harriet Beecher Stowe.*]

I HAVE a blond cousin ten years younger than I am. Ten years is not really so much. When she is seventy and I am eighty, we will be a pair of dear old ladies, practically twins. But right now the gulf between us yawns. For I was born in 1908, and she was born in 1918, and that means that to her I am a sort of historical curio, for I witnessed something she has read about called the Jazz Age. I was of an age to be a part of that fearsome period known as the 'Twenties.

I might as well be something left over from the Black Plague of Europe. In our conversations, I catch glimpses of the fantastic world which my cousin imagines the 'Twenties to have been—a time when we were all drunk all the time and drove funny-looking cars very, very fast and were all of us on the verge of suicide from our colossal post-war despondency.

My cousin, a calm, pink-cheeked type, confident in the knowledge that she was reared on milk and progressive kindergarten and field hockey and courses in Current Events, worries about me. I can see it. She thinks I might fall down in the street one day. It is clear that she believes my insides were long ago rotted away by bathtub gin, a concoction she has read about, and my brain destroyed by jitters and hysteria.

"I suppose most of your friends," she said the other day, "are dead or in asylums or sick with stomach ulcers and things."

"No," I said. "Look. It wasn't anything like what you think..."

I SWEAR TO TELL THE TRUTH, NOTHING BUT THE WHOLE TRUTH

"How old were you when you had your first drink?" she interrupted.

"Eighteen," I said.

She looked at me contemptuously. She was convinced I was lying. Two and a half, or three, would have been an answer to satisfy her. It would have fitted in with the books.

"It must have been fantastic when you were young," she said. "Never sort of having any routine or regular hours or anything. No wonder all your generation has gone to pieces. Nobody ever took care of their *health,* did they?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "You've got it all wrong. Look, we had lots of routine. We..."

BUT there is no use talking to my cousin about the way the 'Twenties really were, because she doesn't listen. She is sure she knows best. She thinks my poor decayed memory is playing tricks on me.

"I suppose you started necking when you were about ten," she said.

"No!" I replied. "I was sixteen before I ever got kissed."

She gave me a look.

Since she will not listen, and since I observe that other members of her post-'Twenties generation seem to share her conceptions about what life was like in that benighted decade, I would like to make a brief and bitter statement about what those years really were like in my life and in the lives, moreover, of all the other girls of my age that I know anything about.

OUR "SINS" WERE SECONDHAND, FROM THE MOVIES

THEY were horribly dull, for the most part, and extremely conventional, judged by the standards of today. That famous Freedom which we girls of the 'Twenties are supposed to have seized for ourselves and abused was absolutely nothing compared to the freedom which my cousin and her contemporaries enjoy as a matter of course. We were only free, perhaps, in comparison with the girls who were young before the World War. Most of that febrile, unhealthy excitement which my cousin is sure constituted our regular atmosphere, consisted of what we saw in the movies and read in books. Books like *The Beautiful and Damned,* and movies like "Our Dancing Daughters."

I should like to state that it is my belief that the wild 'Twenties are, for the most part, a literary and cinematic myth. Where there is smoke, there is likely to be fire, and undoubtedly there were jazz babies like Clara Bow and hard-drinking expatriates like the people in *The Sun Also Rises.* But I never knew any of them, and I believe that there must have been mighty few of the genuine, original article.

The rest of us, unconvincing as it may sound, were naïve little wretches who had to be chaperoned home from parties and who constituted the main bulk of American girlhood. God help us, life was a pretty conservative proposition, which we attempted to liven up by imitating those dashing and dangerous heroines in the books and movies of the day—Iris March, Colleen Moore, the prom-trotters in Katharine Brush's stories in *College Humor.*

AND I believe that if anyone took the trouble to go back and reread those books and review those old movies, he would find that even the behaviour of those naughty girls, of whom we were at best an ingenuous imitation, was pretty tame in comparison with manners of today, which are taken for granted. Take all that business that raised such a furor in the pulpits and editorial columns—the girls who parked their girdles in the check-room at dances. Did that panic the clergy!

What those girls were doing was to realize that they could dance better without steel-plating. Also they did not like to be known to the stag-line as Old Ironsides. So they parked their girdles—and let me tell you that, in those far-off days, many of my friends called them stays. And what happens today? Why, the girls simply don't wear girdles to dances or anywhere else in the first place. They develop hard stomach muscles instead.

When I was in my last year at school—and that was in 1926—lots of us used to skip the afternoon sports and sneak off to the movies. There we observed the It Girls of Hollywood in action, and took mental notes. Also about that time we were reading *The Green Hat* and going to see Katharine Cornell in the play. We read *Judge,* the magazine. Out of these performances, we constructed for ourselves a sort of never-never land of glamour, where the women were beautiful and desperate and disillusioned. We did our best to imitate these heroines—we bought rings with green stones in them at the ten-cent store, to hang loosely on our fingers like Iris March's; we practised long and earnestly in each other's homes the intricacies of the Charleston. I shall never forget the *look* that the girls across the street from me worked up to give beaux—a long, jaded, passionate *look* that combined the best features of Joan Crawford and Nita Naldi. We tried so hard.

Our Taste Was Terrible and Our Consciences Overworked

The only difference between us and the girls of my cousin's generation seems to me to be that we were naïve enough to be impressed with all that phony disillusionment, that celluloid despair. The young of today would call it gummy, and how right. It is absurd to say that we of my generation were imbued with a post-war hopelessness, a what's-it-all-for attitude rooted in the inadequate Peace of Versailles, or any such profound cause.

Actually, we were too young to remember the war as anything beyond a time when you danced at dancing-school to the tune of "Babes in the Wood," and they didn't even teach us the history of the World War at the school I went to. We started functioning mentally about 1920, and like all girls in all ages we imitated the brand of glamour that was provided for us. A more innocent, wide-eyed, ingenuous bunch of girls than my class at school surely never walked the earth or did their best to let their eyelids droop or used the word "sophisticated" in every other sentence.

I blush when I remember the way we really looked. In those remote days, it was a thousand times harder than it is today to find smart clothes within the range of a schoolgirl's or a débutante's clothes allowance. We really did not dress at all well. At our best and richest, we wore the Chanel tunic-dress with the belt well down over our round little behinds, and our bosoms strapped firmly down. At our worst, we thought we were pretty fascinating in tweed coats worn open and flapping, and primitive galoshes with buckles (no zippers in those days), also worn open and clashing at every step. We were the Flapper. My young cousin thinks a flapper was a wild young person with no morals and no restraint. On the contrary, we were dogged by chaperons; certainly, we necked in open Fords parked on back roads, but we had to do some pretty smart dodging to get there at all, and our attitude toward necking was one of excitement strongly tempered by terror.

Not Even Clara Bow Would Have Dared Play Maria

Compared to us, the young women of my cousin's generation, and those younger, are paragons of real sophistication, poise, and savoir-faire. They have wide freedom at their disposal, and handle it with the aplomb and balance that come with being accustomed to a thing—just as a born millionaire does not spend his cash as foolishly as a share-cropper with a windfall of ten dollars. They dress well and with intelligence, guided by the several excellent fashion magazines that have their interests and incomes at heart.

When they read books and go to movies, they are apt to be shown heroines whose strong points are resourcefulness, wisdom, prudence, intelligence, and so those of an age to form what we used to call "crushes" on novel-heroines or movie stars are likely to form them on the milk-fed Deanna Durbin or the hardy Maria, sleeping-bag or no sleeping-bag. At least in our day, Katharine Cornell or Clara Bow never got into a sleeping-bag I don't think we could have taken it. We were too naïve.

Hip Flasks and Racoon Coats—We Saw Them in Cartoons

The young girls of this country—and this goes for the young men, too—the ones anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five—couldn't possibly form the predominant mood for a decade; they accept what is dished out for them by the generation just ahead of them. They imitate, so to speak, the types and the manners that are created for them by the people who are old enough to be writing books and constructing movies. We who were coming along in the 'Twenties didn't evolve the It Girl or the Flappers or the Iris-March-Brett-Ashley type; they were thought up by the editor of *College Humor* and by Michael Arlen and by Hemingway, all considerably our seniors, and we simply imitated them; we acted as we gathered we were supposed to act.

By the same token, my young cousin and her pals needn't be so smug about their cultivation of *mens sana in corpore sano;* they didn't invent the type; they simply took it on. It was created for them by the people who came along just before them, and I am afraid that those people actually were ourselves, the bad girls and boys of the 'Twenties. We, not they, discovered Milk. By the end of the Prohibition era we were drinking it, right in speakeasies. We were going to exercise places in the city, and taking walks in the country. This is historically true.

My memory, no matter what my cousin thinks, is excellent, and I remember clearly that, by the end of the 'Twenties, I and my friends were bored to death with despair, which we'd never really had anyway, and had taken to going home from parties early. It was our turn to develop a type, of our own volition, and we turned from the never-never land of "Our Dancing Daughters" and "This Side of Paradise," the product of minds that had participated consciously in the World War, to something all our own—sun-bathing and setting-up exercises and the Scrubbed Look. If you want a movie star who personifies the change-over, consider Garbo. She took walks. Long walks. So did we.

The Decade of Despair—It Was Just Ten Years to Us

Then these little wretches of the 'Thirties and of this decade come along and think that they have discovered healthy living and sensible morals. Well, we invented them. They think that we spent our youths in a sort of gutter of liquor, cigarette smoke, and free love, getting up to do the shimmy from time to time. Actually, this sort of thing was thought up by the War generation, and we only imitated it for a while, just as the young people are now busy imitating what we thought up. Actually, the 'Twenties, as I and most young Americans of my age knew then, was a naïve decade.

But you can't tell my blond cousin that. I've tried. She only thinks I have senile dementia, brought on by wood alcohol taken in large quantities by mouth. She knows what the 'Twenties were like. She has read about them in a book and seen about them in a movie. And in a book and in a movie is the only place where they—the 'Twenties—the decade of despair when we were all drunk and disillusioned—ever existed.

I Drive a City Ambulance

"Emergency" is the starting signal—
and "step on it" the password

BY MAB WILSON

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mab Wilson was for eight years a member of Vogue's staff, is now a Vice-President of Lenthéric, Inc. As volunteer in the Red Cross Motor Corps, she passed through the rigorous routine training: Standard and Advanced Motor Corps First Aid, Motor Corps Driving Test, Mechanics Course, probationary hours. She drives an ambulance; the growing Motor Corps needs many drivers equally willing and able.*]

THE hospital looks terribly bleak on your first morning. For one thing, you get there before seven, and the big, damp quadrangle is still full of night. The windows in the grey, stained walls are dull blanks of unreflecting glass. The rickety houses that line the alleyway look dejected under the dispassionate half-light. A few milk-cans rattle in the kitchen, an interne slams a door, and our black Oxfords echo self-consciously down the concrete drive. An orderly—Mike, big, rough-jawed, taciturn—yawns mightily, looks us over, carefully noting the seventeen Red Cross emblems (buttons included) on our never-let-there-be-any-doubt uniforms and asks:

"You two from the Red Cross?"

"Yes."

"O. K. There are your ambulances. Take 'em out for a trial spin."

That's all. Well, there are certainly no formalities or red tape *here*.... I take #1, and Martha #2—huge, purring Cadillacs, that turn corners with a finger-flick and nose delicately out of the very narrow drive. We follow each other around for four blocks, and then hurry back. We both feel thoroughly ignorant as to procedure.

Two more orderlies have emerged from a kind of shack with beds. They want to know right away if we play pinochle. We don't. We only drive cars. We're just two little automatons from the Red Cross without any fancy accomplishments. We just drive cars (very well), and have completed a rather special Motor Corps First Aid course, and what *we* would like to know is what are we supposed to *do*...what are the *rules*...the *regulations*...if a call *should* come in...

"Emergency." The voice echoes coldly in the quad. Hospitals have their own way of saying that. A kind of despondent singsong, a terribly effective understatement.

"Come on, Number One," says Mike, "that's us."

I gather my wits while Mike gathers the orders. A tired, bespectacled doctor comes hurriedly out, nods, gets into the back, and gives me the address. "Hurry," he adds, tersely.

"Step on it," says Mike, "but don't use the sireen. We can't use the sireen no more on account it sounds like the air-raid sireen. Just sit on the horn."

I sit on the horn. There is a crowd in front of an old brownstone. They surround the doctor the minute he steps out.

"Fourth floor, Doc."

The doctor turns to me. "Like to come up?"

Full of curiosity and false courage, I say, "Yes." I lock the ambulance, threaten the bystanders with handsome threats, if so much as a fingerprint is on the ambulance when I get down, and follow Mike and the doctor upstairs.

They had cut him down before we arrived, but he was very, very dead. I knew it by the terrible, sustained cry his mother was making, huddled on the cabbage-smelling stairs as I passed up. He is only nineteen, the youngster, lying on his face with one sleepy-looking arm under his head. He lies in the doorway where he hung himself with his belt. We try artificial respiration. The doctor tries a deep injection. No good.

To me, standing there above him, it seemed quite improbable that anyone who looked as alive as this nineteen-year-old, with a thatch of brown hair and gangling young hands and legs, could be really dead. But the coroner and the police arrive with a clumping of heavy feet and a stiff rustling of notebooks. Neighbours crane around the doorway, looking like nervous, carnivorous rabbits.

The coroner jots down D. O. A. Dead on arrival. So we thread our way down the stairs past his moaning mother, who is being consoled by her priest. I keep thinking that his death was only a matter of time. That, if we had gotten there sooner—if we had been notified sooner...

Mike asks me, on the way back, if I am shaken up, and I tell a huge lie. Later I ask him why such a youngster should kill himself. "It's the draft," says Mike. "Doesn't want to go?" I ask. "Naw," says Mike, "it's their mothers...get the kids all worked up about how they're going to die if George goes off and leaves 'em...emotional like, *you* know..."

When I get back, Martha is out in Number Two—a blackjack case in the Park—another D. O. A. it turns out. I go into the bathroom and am quite sick. The big, florid hospital policeman comes down the alley with a carton of coffee. Lovely man. My next call comes ten minutes later.

"EMERGENCY." *Dum-de-deee.* I heard it in my sleep for the first few weeks. I used to knock things over getting to the ambulance in a rush, as if my being behind the wheel meant that we had arrived. Later there were no doctors; just Mike and me. Soon, I suppose, there will just be another Motor Corps girl. Now there's no more diagnosing. We just put them in and bring them back—alive when possible. Sometimes we go direct to the transfer morgue. We like it better if they're D. O. A. than if they die while we're there. That fills you with too many might-have-beens, if-I-had's... But we're not doctors, we're only drivers.

The ambulances are kept in tiptop condition. But occasionally something gives. Mike and I get a call one day, and it is an O. B. So Mike says to hurry. He is quite graphic about how long pregnant ladies of that district wait before they call the ambulance, so I really let Number One flat out with my hand glued to the horn.

We pull up sharply, and Mike is half out as I pull on the brake. Several garrulous women in chintz house-coats take us up to the third floor, where a young woman lies moaning on the bed. She keeps opening and closing her big brown eyes and brushing her light hair off her wet forehead. I feel terribly ignorant. We put her on a stretcher and carry her down. I try to be very steady, terrified of jolting her. Mike takes another look at her, gets into the back, and stays there.

"Go like Hell," he says. I do. Suddenly around One Hundred and Tenth Street, the horn gives out. I am travelling at a very unfunny speed. I risk it for a few blocks, and then hang out of the window, yelling. Sometimes I shout, "Get out of the way"; sometimes (foolishly), "The horn's broken"; sometimes I hate to think *what*. I feel like an awful fool, but I'm quite steady on the wheel.

Meanwhile there is a commotion going on in the back. Mike is grunting and mumbling, and the young woman lets out a yelp. That's it, I thought, and took the last two streets *fast*. Actually, she hadn't quite. She is rushed right to the delivery room, and we leave. I begin to feel a little like Mark Twain (I think it was he), who saw two boys fighting from a train window, and always wondered how it came out. A city ambulance is like that, full of unfinished stories.

SOMETIMES you get a whole shift of nothing but medical cases. Peritonitis, appendicitis, heart attacks, hemorrhages. Sometimes we (the drivers) feel quite helpless and useless. Sometimes a few words, or a firm hand-hold as the needle goes in or the swab goes up, make you feel of some use. I nearly had my fingers crushed by an epileptic. She'd come out of the fit, but couldn't speak. That must be a horrible feeling. Next to suicides and accidents, I think the psychos are the worst. They're so unrelated, so inhuman. I remember my first.

We get a call to the local precinct house. "Yah," says Mike, "a psycho I betcha." "Yah?" I inquire. "A drunk," explains Mike. I, too, am slightly outraged. Our beautiful maroon ambulance given over to a bibulous gentleman. And maybe a really serious case calling in while we're out... My watch says nine-thirty, so I assume either quite a terrific drunk, or a gentleman of curious drinking habits.

There is a lot of noise going on in the back room of the precinct house, and once I hear the sharp, hard slap of an open hand. Four slightly dishevelled policemen are trying to hold something down. It's our psycho. He must have shaved once, because it didn't have the dignity of a real beard, and none of God's creatures could be born that dirty or smell so horribly. He wore a necktie with no collar, and his face had an oddly green-grey tone, but his eyes were the most implacable grey I ever hope to see. Unreasoning, responseless, with less understanding than the rigid eye of a corpse.

The psycho took one look at me, and didn't like me at all. Maybe it was my high collar and tie—maybe the Mary Jane black stockings, but it took the four policemen, plus Mike, to get him back into the chair. Mike asks questions that sound like double talk.

"King Kong?"—"Yah. Analdehyde?"
"Try ammonia swabs first."

I TRY to remember this dialogue so I can ask Mike later. Meanwhile the psycho has suddenly gone glazed and limp, with his head slumping at that broken-neck angle. Mike makes two cotton swabs, saturates them in ammonia, and puts them up the psycho's nose. We all wait till an enormous, wall-crumbling sneeze shakes the room. The psycho comes to with his fists up, looking dazed, but sane. Mike pours something into a glass, and the psycho gets his nose held as it goes down. Analdehyde. He looks half-dead to me (I've only seen parlour-drunks, I decide), but it's decided that he is all right, and we don't have to take him.

On the way back, I ask Mike questions. King Kong, it turns out, is 195% proof denatured alcohol and costs eight cents a quart. The night-shift business accounts for the recent abundance of early-morning drunks. Almost one out of every three calls I have is a drunk of one type or another. A lot of them can't be discussed. Some of them are pitiful, and give you the feeling of dying souls for whom there is no hope but oblivion. Some outrage every decent instinct you have.

As a matter of fact, there are too many things you can't talk about. Perhaps because macabre humour just isn't funny later, or because the people involved are too decent, or the details too horrible. We don't get very much chance to talk in the big quad. The girl who shares your shift with you is usually out when you get back, and vice versa. The orderlies are wonderful, men like Mike and Sebastian who look as though they could (and often did) knock out whole barrooms, but who have an innate gentleness that comes almost like a shock.

Sometimes Mike's girl, a pretty, pert young thing with a long multicoloured bob, which came down to her lower ribs, would bring us cokes and sandwiches. She and Mike would plan their Saturday-night date, which was deeply concerned with food. "Over to the Alhambra we could have chicken and noodles—but over to O'Toole's we get a steak, so wad'll it be, baby?" Or a nurse would come out and talk with that crisp jauntiness that is as typical as their starched whites.

Sometimes the Dead Wagon would come to the hospital. The Dead Wagon is a gloomy, final, sardonic thing. I don't like to talk about it much. It comes to collect at the hospital. The men get out, go round to the back, and pull out what looks like an outsize Gladstone bag, with a seven-foot slide-fastener, and four handles along the top. It goes in empty with one man carrying it, and it comes out with two men lumbering awkwardly. That's all.

SOMETIMES there would be a clatter of little copper-toed shoes down the hospital drive and a big-eyed voice would husk, "Come quick, mom's sick." The children themselves (as calls) are pretty upsetting to everyone, even the toughest. I'm not sure if it's their eyes or the hurt droop of their mouths, or the high wail that seems so bewildered, so full of disillusion. It used to get Sebastian, the big Puerto Rican, down worst of anyone. His language became a cross between Hemingway and Victorian lullaby. "Little girl, don't you give a —— —— ——; it ain't going to hurt you no —— more. You believe Sebastian, yes?"

People say, after a longish go in a city hospital, that you get less emotional. That isn't quite accurate. You do get less imaginative, less apprehensive, less "tied up" with every case that slides into the back of the ambulance. You lose a lot of the superficial manifestations of emotion—but not the emotion itself. After a while, the hurts, the agonies, the disasters begin to make a pattern, huge, implacable, unchangeable—as if there were some reason for it, some fundamental cause—if you could only see it. You learn a lot in a city hospital—even just driving. The drama of the operating room and the sick wards is closed to us, but there is so much to be learned, on the outside, about people. About yourself. Maybe your knowledge doesn't increase very much, but your understanding does.

Suicides still affect me the most. (Mike and Sebastian, too.) Burned mouths, charred throats, spurting arterial blood, and especially those who jump. What you take off to the transfer morgue isn't pretty—but worse is the emotional thud. The terrible lingering thoughts of "What made her do it." Or, "Could she have been dissuaded...?"

Some pictures are etched on one's memory with acid. Like the wicked shrug of a pinch-waisted, purple-suited young devil as we carted the unpretty remains of a young and pregnant girl (who had jumped four stories) off to the transfer morgue. "She dood it," he grinned, and flicked a cigarette right across the stretcher.

The Most Amusing Woman I Know

It's Emily Kimbrough to whom everything happens

BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Cornelia Otis Skinner is indigenous to the theatre. Her father, Otis Skinner, was for twenty years a notable player of Shylock, Falstaff, Petruccio. She has acted in her original sketches, "The Wives of Henry VIII." and "The Empress Eugénie," and in her merciless monologue, "Edna His Wife."*

She also speaks for herself in her books. Wryly funny, they are personal versions of universal perplexities. With Emily Kimbrough, the sizzling spirit she writes about here, she collaborated on the log of two smart innocents abroad, the currently best-selling "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."]

THE person who is spontaneously and effortlessly amusing all of the time is a *rara avis* of which I know only one, Emily Kimbrough. Shakespeare said of one of his best-loved comedy heroines that "a star danced when she was born," and I think that in the case of Emily a star must have danced, capered, and reeled, yet been withal an exceptionally lucky star. For Emily goes through life in a manner not like the common herd. The things that happen to her could never happen to anyone else. She is a living magnet alike for high adventure and mad disaster, and from all her experiences she emerges triumphant and more entertaining than ever.

While it is sheer delight to be in her company, it is at times sheer terror. Trains on which she journeys get hot-boxes, stick in snowdrifts, and occasionally jump the tracks; horses on which she bets run swiftly, but in the opposite direction; ships on which she crossed the ocean went aground or lost a rudder in mid-Atlantic.

Even short and seemingly safe journeys are jinxed by her whimsical nemesis. I know whereof I speak, for I once persuaded her to cross from Jersey City on a ferry instead of taking the tube, although she said she thought ferries were dangerous—a notion I jeered at until, half-way across the Hudson, we were waylaid by the hurricane of 1938.

LIKE everyone who knows her, I love her dearly, as does my entire family, despite the fact that, when I announce an impending visit from her, my husband says, "Hurrah," then goes into the attitude of someone waiting for the explosion of a giant firecracker. He knows from past experience what to expect.

The last time she came to stay with us, she arrived by car with her twins, four of the prize miniature poodles she raises (one of which was about to have young any moment), some enormous cheeses she was taking home, which had to be kept cold and necessitated the removal of everything else from our Frigidaire, a trained parakeet, and a summons for parking in front of a hydrant outside an air-raid shelter.

That Emily hasn't sprouted white hairs from a life crowded with tense experiences is due to the happy nature with which she meets alike good fortune and disaster. Her life had always been an active one. For a time she lived in Buffalo, where she helped run a bookshop—one of those exquisite havens where they offer one tea and first editions beside a fire in the back room. After that, she went with me on a European trip, a trip so crowded with incident that it has been our main source of conversation for years, until it occurred to us to stop talking about it and write it up jointly in narrative form.

After Buffalo she lived in Chicago, where she became editor of the Marshall Field publication, *Fashions of the Hour.* It was during that job, while snatching lunch in Field's "Narcissus Room," that there occurred the immortal incident of the hat, an incident which has been credited to various other people, although it originated with Emily. This was the story of finding herself sharing a table with an unknown woman who had on the exact duplicate of her hat and remarking brightly upon the coincidence. When the woman looked at her as if she were demented, Emily, slowly putting her hand to her head, discovered she was wearing a totally different hat from the one she thought she had on.

After Chicago she went to Philadelphia to become fashion, and eventually managing, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* There the staid worthies of the Curtis Publishing Company were occasionally nonplussed, as when, after a business trip to Paris, she handed in her expense sheet, which bore such interesting items as "Taking Mr. Fishbein to see Josephine Baker, 250 francs." A formal reprimand had to be sent to her saying that to inspect fashion sketches on the floor, lying flat on her stomach, was not in keeping with the company's policy of dignity. About this period she married, and her magazine career ceased.

EVEN under such trying circumstances as being seven months gone with child, a condition under which the most sterling of our sex has a hard time maintaining any semblance of humour, she was not to be downed. When my husband one day called her up and, after inquiring into her state of health, asked what she looked like, she replied gaily, "I look like a mandolin," which to me is the description *par excellence* of the "blessed state."

The mandolin turned out to be twin girls born, believe it or not (knowing Emily, one can't fail to believe it) on Labor Day, and known as A and B. They have other names, but although B is my godchild, I have never learned what they really are.

It was in the interests of the education of A and B that she once was seriously injured by an animal, which she introduced to the children as the "nice dear Ba-sheep, so gentle and good, who makes the wool for little girls' blankets." A kindly Providence protected the twins, for, after a cursory glance at the creature, they retired safely to the car, only to see their mother battered to near insensibility by the Ba-sheep, which proved to be an infuriated ram.

Even in her childhood, which was spent in Muncie, Indiana, and Chicago, she was apparently singled out by Fate as the recipient of cockeyed incident. One of the first she recalls was the time she took a spectacular part in a tiny tots' production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Having a talent for dancing, she had been cast as a fairy, who, as a pretty finale to the play, was to shimmer forth clad in wings and a gossamer tunic, to execute a pas seul.

An older child, playing one of those excruciatingly unfunny rustics, Smug the Joiner or Snout the Tinker, was stricken with chicken pox, and, for (Continued on page 85)

The Most Amusing Man I Know

It's Monty Woolley, a walking anthology of phobias

BY MEYER BERGER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Meyer Berger is first and finally a newspaper reporter, and New York is his beat. The forty-four years of his life he has poked around its streets, watching faces, listening to talk—then putting it all into his feature stories for the "New York Times," into his book, "The Eight Million." Tall and lean as a lamp-post, he left New York in the last war to go to France as a sergeant; in this war, to go briefly to England as a correspondent.*]

IN the Ritz lounge the other morning, a fat, two-hundred-and-fifty-pound man loomed suddenly above The Beard's table. He seemed, somehow, a bit out of drawing. He thrust lumpy jowls at The Beard. "I don't know you," he said noisily, "but I don't like you." The Beard seemed to study the insult. He sipped his strong tea deliberately, set the glass on a napkin, barely lifted his whisker-framed face. His cold blue eyes regarded the stranger's until waiters dragged the fat man away.

The Beard resumed his tea. His eyes studied something in a far, dim corner of the lounge. "Odd," he murmured, "but utter strangers keep doing things like that." A week before, a woman whom The Beard had never seen bashed in his hat as he stood at the Astor Bar and stamped out, calling him unprintable names. Accustomed to these public assaults, he shrugs them off.

The Beard—Edgar Montillion Woolley on his baptismal sheet—enjoys dramatic incident even when it carries threat of physical damage. Love of the dramatic has influenced all his fifty-four years. It explains his beard, among other things. Even as a child, wandering in upholstered luxury from one hotel to another with his parents, he yearned for whiskers; kept thinking of himself as something out of Dumas.

His mother was distressed by this quirk. "She objected terribly," Woolley recalls, dreamy-eyed. He wore a theatrical beard at a family Christmas when he was nineteen, but his mother refused to serve dinner until he took off the whiskers. Probably no other public character today has as many amusing phobias as Monty Woolley. He specializes in them. He has a horror, for example, of living in an ordinary house. He keeps thinking of men with cleavers coming through the basement.

"I don't like the idea of madmen with butcher's implements crawling in on me," he tells friends. "That's why I like fourteenth-floor hotel rooms. Madmen with cleavers don't come through the fourteenth-floor windows."

Woolley traces his fear of houses to his childhood. He was born in the Hotel Bristol on the northwest corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue when his father managed the place in 1888 and has lived in one hotel or another ever since, never in a small house.

Friends with farms make Woolley shudder. He purses his lips in the white beard and moustache when they mention farms. He says, "My God, not a farm. I'd walk through snow to get away from one. I detest hoeing. I detest creaking doors. Holy Christmas, a farm."

The Beard shudders at bridge, and loathes all outdoor games. He finds bridge a device for fraying people's tempers. He prefers a convivial evening with strong conversation and strong tea. He seldom wears or carries a timepiece, partly because he always lost those he owned, but chiefly because of something he heard from Richard Canfield, the gambler.

Canfield was one of the guests at the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga back in the 'Nineties, and often showed up at the Bristol. He was fond of William Edgar Woolley, Monty's father. One day, in Fifth Avenue, a gust whisked Canfield's silk hat off. The gambler restrained Woolley, senior, as he was about to start after it.

Canfield said, "Don't bother. Some damn fool will get it. They always do."

A passer-by ran under clattering buggy horses and risked his life under carriage wheels to retrieve the hat. He came back with it, panting, and happy. Canfield calmly replaced the hat, thanked the man. The Beard has never forgotten this. "I found it's pretty much the same with watches," he says. "There's always someone hard by to tell you the time."

NEXT to George Lyman Kittredge, who taught English at Yale, The Beard's greatest inspiration was Sarah Bernhardt. Kittredge's whiskers, Woolley thinks to this day, were noble. After Woolley saw them, he knew life wouldn't be complete without a similar set.

Bernhardt stayed at the Marie Antoinette at Sixty-sixth Street and Broadway when she played New York. John Sousa lived there, too, and so did Victor Herbert, but Woolley, with his love of the theatre, was awed by the French tragedienne. His eyes go soft when he talks about her. He remembers that she ate little during the day, but gorged herself when she got back from the theatre. Her favourite dishes were heaping mounds of caviar and roast pheasant. She would start eating at midnight and remain at table two hours.

Anyway, young Woolley—he was twelve, then—kept after his father to let him meet Bernhardt. In anticipation of the meeting, he learned a flowery speech in French. One night as Bernhardt came into the hotel, supported by two strong men because of her bad leg, Monty was presented.

"Her face was wrapped in a veil," The Beard will tell you. "All you saw were her two terrific eyes, burning eyes, slightly crossed. I bowed, but her eyes frightened me. She hated English, but she asked me, ' 'Ave you seen me in *La Samaritane*?' I forgot every word of French I'd ever learned. I fainted."

Woolley seldom tells this story without getting up from the table to describe Bernhardt in the death scene in "Camille."

"She'd die with her hand," he says, excitedly. "She'd be stretched out there wearing a fantastically blond wig, a bright yellow wig, and she'd get her leading man in a headlock embrace, and the audience never saw him again in the scene."

At this point, The Beard assumes Bernhardt's brassy voice and recites Bernhardt's lines: "I don't want to die—not now!" He keeps his left hand taut. At the end of the death speech, he lets it fall, limp from the wrist. "That's how she died—with her hand," he recalls, hoarsely. Emotionalism usually gets him at this stage, and his eyes water, especially if he has had lots of strong tea. (Continued on page 90)

Country Strife

Hell hath no fury . . . like a house in the country

BY PAUL GALLICO

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *During the last war, Paul Gallico served as a Navy gunner, and his ability to score direct hits extends to literature. His latest book is "The Snow Goose," a story of Dunkirk—compact and shattering.*

A native New Yorker, Mr. Gallico has been a motion-picture critic, sports editor, and columnist for the "New York Daily News." In recent free-lance years, he's written a number of highly explosive articles for Vogue, sniping at Woman in all her errant Ways. Now he fires a broadside at another defenseless target: the country house.]

BACK to the land! A roof over our heads, a patch of ground to grow food, a cow, a pig, some chickens, and comes the revolution it will be a pleasure to turn it all over to the rebels and let them battle with it. But let us not waste time looking forward to that happy day when we will be relieved of our country homes and all the hell they involve.

Are you planning a farm or a house in the country? Are you worried about water and the digging of an artesian well? Then let me dispel once and for all the fear that hangs over every prospective well-digger when he first sees the pile of formidable-looking machinery moved onto his property. *There always is water.* There is no such thing as not striking water. Therefore, rest easy. The machine has a curious rhythm as the pulley hauls up the steel drill and lets it fall onto the rock—"Be-deedle-deCHUNK, be-deedle-deCHUNK." Some farm owners believe it is saying "Dollar-and-a-HALF. Dollar-and-a-HALF," at each stroke. When they get the bill, they are convinced of it.

But don't be discouraged. Modern well-digging machinery is equipped to go down seventeen thousand feet, or three and a half miles to find water, cutting through gravel, bedrock, and so on down through the Pliocene, Pleistocene, and Eocene Eras, passing through your bank-account on the way. Be calm. Don't rush the men. There's water there. Go away for a year or two. See America. Broaden yourself. When you come back, there'll be water. It's time enough then to worry about getting it up to the surface.

You then have your choice between the electric pump and the gasoline pump. You always know how you stand with an electric pump. There are no ifs, ands, or buts about an electric pump. When the power goes off, you know you're not going to get any water. On the other hand, you know where you stand with a gasoline pump, too. There ain't a-goin' to be any gasoline.

MANY writers on the rural home like to begin with the fundamentals—heat, light, and plumbing—, but since these things work only rarely, I prefer to take up the matter of windows and their treatment. As you know, windows are always a problem in old stone houses, since there are no channels for the weights to operate in. You have your choice of two kinds: the well-known Sticktite Window, which is guaranteed against opening; and the Shoordraft Window, which will not shut. The wise home-owner invests in some of each, and thus assures an even temperature in the house.

There is at present on the market a new kind of window for stone houses which actually slides up and down and remains in the position in which it is left for as much as two or three minutes at a time. This, however, can be overcome by sufficient coats of paint. You may have to use three coats of paint in some cases to get the window to stick again, but results are highly satisfactory once they have become stuck shut. They can then be opened only by putting your fist through them. A glove should be worn during this process.

But the real beauty of the modern window for remodeled houses, especially the Sticktite brand, is that, while they are hermetically self-sealing against allowing fresh air to penetrate, they will not keep out rain, thanks to a new patent channeling that permits any moderate shower to come in at the sides and the bottom and thence to the floor. There is something primitive and romantically refreshing about having the rain beat into the house on a wet, windy day, that brings one very close to Nature. Life-belts hung on the walls, or built into cozy beneath-stairs closets, will solve the problems of non-swimmers, and add a swagger nautical touch to the premises. I have heard that there are windows available which work in any kind of weather, but nobody with any sporting instinct would want to have anything of that sort around.

THERE have been great advances in the matter of screens for windows. The home-builder has his choice of Mesh No. 1, which is built to admit tiny gnats, fruit flies, and small, indestructible green insects built to take terrific punishment; Mesh No. 2, constructed so as to offer no entrance difficulties to the ordinary house-fly, mosquitoes, and other medium-type, single-engined attack craft; Mesh No. 3 has not only squares designed freely to pass blue-bottles, wasps, and young hornets, but also comes constructed narrower on one side to permit the entrance of large craft, such as moths, beetles, June bugs, and energetic spiders.

The writer unreservedly recommends Mesh No. 3, since it automatically takes care of the two lower categories and does away with time and energy-wasting investigations. When you see something long and multi-legged crawling up the wall, semaphoring with its feelers, you do not lose time inquiring, "Now, how the hell did that get in?" You know.

Some beginners at farm remodeling will inquire—"Why, then, have screens at all since the insects come in anyway?" Which is just another example of the ignorance and naïveté of the average layman. The modern screen is so constructed that, while it will let the insects in, *it will not let them out again.* Once inside, their worries are over, and you can count on them being with you for the rest of the summer. It's a one-way street, and you always know exactly where you stand, eliminating the oldtime nerve-wracking coming and going.

I can not emphasize too strongly the desirability of having a full catalogue of gadgets in a modern remodeled farm. True, you can no longer get them new, but there is still a secondhand market, and you should have them all.

This includes stove, refrigerator, washing-machine, dish-washing machine, drier, ironer, frosted food cabinet, clock, toaster, percolator, waffle-iron, chafing-dish, et cetera. Country life at best is inclined to be lonely. The full list above guarantees the presence of a service man in the house at practically

all times. These service men are cheery souls, many of them experts on international affairs and global strategy, who will stay and gossip with you for hours.... On the other hand, perhaps you prefer peace and quiet. Nothing quite equals in effectiveness one of those good old-fashioned thunderstorms which score a direct hit on the power-line at about five in the afternoon, an hour or so before the guests arrive. For here you accomplish in one fell swoop what sometimes takes weeks to achieve, a total cessation of all activity in the home. The stove is off, the ice-box quits, the lights go out, the clocks stop, the water stops, the radio is silent, the freeze-box mellows, the fans won't run, one and all gadgets are done for. And since the same bolt that has eliminated the electricity usually does for the telephone line, as well, you can not call anybody up to have things fixed. You then enjoy anywhere from three to twenty-four hours of sweet and perfect peace, a restfulness and calm unmatched by any other style of living. And even more effective is ice on the power-lines in the wintertime since that takes the furnace out, too.

ANOTHER splendid development of house remodeling is the Hollow or Intercommunicating Wainscot System. Formerly, when a mouse got behind the wainscoting around the bottom of a room, he was confined in his travels to that particular room. He lived and operated, raised his family, and died there with no opportunities to broaden himself.

Today, all this is done away with through the Intercommunicating System known to every master carpenter and architect. Spaces behind the walls are now joined by small communicating tunnels which enable a mouse to cover the entire dwelling from top to bottom, move about freely to spend the week-end with relatives on the second floor, hold athletic meets the length of the house, visit the supplies in the cellar without risking a meeting with the cat, and accompanying the inmates upstairs when they go to bed. In this connection, I might add that no modern country home-owner need be without a full and varied quota of night noises, things that buzz, whirr, pop, whistle, sizzle, and snap.

Old houses usually have a small number of night noises, such as creaks, or loose shutters, to which one becomes quickly accustomed. However, with a full supply of available modern gadgets, the home-owner need never be without those startling little noises that go off just as he is about to drop off to sleep. Something is always starting or stopping, shaking or shuddering, whirring or clicking. Unless the bowels of your country house sound like the engine-room of a destroyer under forced draft, you have been cheated by the architect.

The outside noises—animals rummaging through the garbage cans, squirrels running over the roof, birds stumbling over worms in the garden, things falling off trees, bottles breaking for no reason at all—will take care of themselves and need no attention, but the concerted effort of plumber, carpenter, electrician, and installment salesman is needed if the inside night noises are to be adequate.

A word here about types of plaster used in re-doing rooms. While there is still a supply of old-fashioned plaster that remains where it is put, it is not recommended, since the newer, or Peeling type, is now available, and any plasterer worth his salt has a supply. This begins to peel in unusual and attractive designs a few months after it is dry, and affords a changing vista that never palls upon the owner.

The cellar steps, or Death Trap, is a well-known feature of every old farmhouse and should be preserved, and usually no architect will touch them since any changes or improvements interfere with their deadliness. However, the addition of plumbing pipes at just the right level to catch a medium-sized person will lend an added fillip to a trip to the cellar. If you avoid slipping and dislocating your spine, there is always the chance of sustaining a fractured skull from overhead.

One final word about floors. If you are fortunate, your old farmhouse will contain the original old oak floor-boards, usually built on a slight slant away from the place where you are trying to go. If these floors are sanded, varnished, and then carefully waxed, it is possible to attain not only a beautiful colour, but also a surface only a few degrees less slippery than the Garden arena on hockey nights. Continued waxing will improve those surfaces so that not only your speed, but your slithering skill will be improved.

Naturally, a house in the country entails a good deal of outside landscape work and gardening, in which the novice needs considerable help and advice, and this I am glad to include.

Take, for instance, the struggle against weeds. The whole idea of getting rid of weeds is ridiculous and merely a waste of time and money. Weeds can not be got rid of. They always come back, and all you accomplish by trying to fight them is to get them sore and determined. You must take the long view, because the weeds always do. Landscape your surroundings, put in lawns, import Italian cypress and English yew, border with hedges, and install your formal rose-gardens; the weeds will get it back in the end. Some day your vigilance will wane, or you may have a tough year on the Stock Market. With a whoop and a rush back will come the weeds, and you're right back where you started from.

On the other hand, set out deliberately to cultivate the weeds, help them along, water them, encourage them, clear away new spaces for them to grow, transplant new kinds, or get your friends to send you specimens that have not yet begun to flourish on your property, and your gardening becomes no problem at all. Within a month, the weeds will have begun brawling amongst themselves, shoving, stifling, trampling, crowding one another out. It's a good knock-down-and-drag-out fight and great fun to watch, and doesn't cost you a dime. During the course of the battle, the weeds frequently put forth a variety of pretty blossoms which are a delight to the eye. They seed themselves, look after themselves, and will become your permanent friends. They will eventually grow thick and strong enough to push you right out of your house and take that over, too, but that is merely cause for gratitude.

I HAVE a final word to say about the lowly cobweb. In the city, these graceful, lacy tatters are considered a disgrace and are immediately attacked with brooms or mops, and destroyed. There is no point to doing this in the country unless you want to spend your entire time pushing a broom or dust-cloth. The wise country home-owner learns to cultivate cobwebs and use them in the decorative scheme. With a little care and guidance, they can be made to fill corners in regular and attractive patterns, eliminating the cost of fly-paper and other insect-catchers. The cobweb can not be defeated. Therefore don't try, but put it to artistic use instead.

The whole business may be summed up in the phrase—"Don't fight the country. Work along with it." As, for instance, the hostess recently who complained that, do what she would, there seemed to be no way to keep people from tracking in dirt when they came in from the outside, especially on muddy days. Polished floors soon were covered with footprints, rugs filled with dirt to the point where they were ready to be ploughed and cultivated. The simplest solution is to have a dirt floor built of local soil or clay. That's what you're going to have in the end anyway.

If some of these hints and suggestions have proved helpful to you, I know that this magazine will welcome requests from you for further articles.

My Blood Is in the War

Case history of an honest blood donor—
the spirit was willing, but the knees were weak

BY DONITA FERGUSON

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Donita Ferguson achieved a striking non sequitur when she left magazine work ("Literary Digest," "Newsweek") to open a florist shop. "Flowers, Inc." was her personal protest against the banal corsage. Now she flourishes as a free-lance writer, and brags about her officer husband —whom she considers entirely responsible for our North African success.*]

I HAVE just given a pint of my blood to the plasma bank. I have been trying for over a year to be able to say that. I have known all along that plasma is an almost miraculous life-saver for our wounded, that the Red Cross needs at least three times as much as we civilians have so far contributed, that our woeful failure to give our blood to save the lives of our fighters—men who are heroically yielding theirs—is as despicable as desertion under fire.

Nothing but selfishness causes so criminal a delay. Petty things of so-called immediacy have conveniently arisen to postpone the moment. The delay is criminal when you realize that plasma—life-saver of the wounded—is woefully insufficient to take care of all the battlefront. And that supply of plasma is smaller by at least four of my pints, which I could so easily have given earlier.

This selfishness is quite understandable, though. Nothing to be ashamed of provided you overcome it. In some people, it is inertia, like putting off cleaning the attic. In others, it's pig-headed blindness. Amazing though it may sound, there are still afternoon bridge-players and their big executive husbands who refuse to let the war in the front door. They find it quicker and easier to handle when kept off in a dim haze of war-relief contributions only. In still other cases—more perhaps than anyone knows—the selfishness is just a lack of intestinal fortitude. That, quite frankly, had been my trouble.

So I kept manufacturing excuses for my delay. In the end, I had to face the fact that I was just plain scared. It happened this way: a couple of weeks ago, my life blew up. My husband was suddenly sworn into the Army as an officer and assigned to "arduous duty in the field." Forty-eight hours later, he was gone.

IN the dreary hours that followed, I realized that I had no right to worry about my husband if I wouldn't even do the easiest and most needed thing any civilian could do in this whole war. So—a little shaky in the knees—I walked one morning to our local Blood Donor Centre. I was still afraid, but, after all, this was only to make an appointment. The excuses I had been drumming up all year had been overcome—all but one. I have a tendency to pass out. I faint for less reason than most people do. Standing up too long, and for other silly reasons. Furthermore, I didn't quite fancy making a fool of myself in front of a lot of nurses and donors.

The receptionist nurse asked me a few questions about my health. Then she told me they don't allow you to have anything but coffee and orange-juice for the four hours preceding blood donation. "Oh," I said airily, "I never take anything but coffee and orange-juice for breakfast."

"Well, then," she said, "you can go right up now."

Caught! No loophole at all—unless I wanted to make a public spectacle of my cowardice. So up I went, registered in, and was told I'd be out about my business in less than an hour. I sat at the end of a long bench already filled with waiting blood donors. There was a fireman, an elderly housewife, several harried stenographers obviously trying to make it during lunch hour. But the prosperous people, with leisure, who should have been there, were not.

The line moved quickly, too quickly I thought. We were given a card and told to go to the dressing-rooms. There a Nurse's Aide said, "Hang up your coat and blouse. Put on a clean white robe which you will find in a pile, bring your pocketbook, and your card. Leave everything else."

Next into a room with long benches again, this time facing cubbyholes, each with a nurse and a uniformed Red Cross volunteer seated at a glass-topped table on which were several instruments. Nurses' Aides took the temperatures and pulses of all of us waiting on the benches. Mine were both above normal. For the first time, I was afraid they wouldn't let me go through with it. I'd suffered so much emotional upheaval already, I didn't want to start from scratch another day. Fortunately, my pulse and temperature were under the maximum the Red Cross allows.

THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK

IN the cubbyhole, they asked more questions about my health —what operations and diseases, and when—gave me a hemoglobin test, and took my blood-pressure. They lean over backward to be sure there is no risk to the donor. Another Nurse's Aide offered me orange-juice. I couldn't face it. The orange-juice turned down, there was nothing for it but to march into the port of call—a large room with beds down both lengths, men and women on most of them, bottles and tubes attached under the side of each. I tried not to look too carefully as I didn't want the sight of anything to upset my chances of good behaviour. They found me an empty bed and an exceptionally nice registered nurse, who immediately called me by name, and said, "You look as though you were in a great rush."

"I am," I confessed, "to get it over with."

She assured me—at least the thousandth time I'd been told—that it wouldn't hurt. I told her I'd had a Wasserman test which *did* hurt no matter what anyone said, but that the hurting part wasn't what frightened me. All the while she was preparing my arm in a leisurely and soothing manner. There was never the slightest feeling of being ground through a mill. Plenty of time for each donor, plenty of understanding that each is there with his own heart and his own heartache.

When the nurse put on the tourniquet, she said, "It's got to be tight for a minute." It was. Right away my hand felt tingly and swollen. Decidedly unpleasant. Then I felt the pin-prick, and she loosened the tourniquet. "Is that all the pain?" I asked. "They are really right, then, when they say it doesn't hurt. It does seem a shame, though, that they

don't tell the whole truth. Why don't they say it's not as comfortable as lying in your own bed? They make it sound too easy. People go on being afraid because they don't believe it can be that easy. People are right, too. The tourniquet *is* uncomfortable. The prick of the needle *can* be felt."

I didn't say more because I was already half-way into unconsciousness—via the long, slow, very conscious route. Both arms felt full of needles, everything inside me had gone haywire; I was drenching wet; I prayed for release into unconsciousness. But I did have the sense to ask for ammonia. Immediately two nurses were there with the ammonia, and with some of the finest talk I'll hear in many a day. "You don't have to go on," they said. "But it'll be only two more minutes if you can take it. It would be good if we could get your quota of a full pint. Somebody will need it desperately." That somebody might even be my own husband, I thought. The two minutes were up pretty quickly after that.

They made me stay there, wrapped in comforting blankets, another ten minutes—long after I felt all right. Then they put me in the Recovery Room. It was practically empty. Every few minutes they took my pulse. After fifteen minutes, they said it was fine again and brought me coffee. I stayed a bit to ask some questions of the head doctor. Is this "passing out" reaction the worst a donor can expect? Do lots of people have it? Were they getting as many donors as they needed? The answers are my reason for telling this story.

ONLY five per cent. of the total blood donors have any reaction whatever. Even if you land in my unlucky five per cent., it's over in a few minutes. Not very much when you consider how much is happening to some people today. Another thing. Pre-syncope (semi-loss of consciousness) like mine is the worst that can happen. If that is the worst, and there are only five chances in every hundred that anything at all unusual will happen, surely there must be more people willing to risk it. There must be millions of Americans who can face the twist of a tourniquet and the prick of a needle.

So far, there are not. There have been only a little over one million donors—a million pints of blood, in a country of one hundred and forty million people. The present Red Cross program is to get three million pints. A conservative figure, especially since a victim requiring plasma may need up to four pints. Greater New York has a population of ten million. There have been only 120,000 donors from Greater New York and towns within seventy-five miles of it. Other cities, all of which handle large surrounding areas in addition to their own population, have done little better. San Francisco, with around a million people, has produced 50,000 pints. Chicago, with almost four million, has contributed 55,000 pints. Baltimore, with almost a million, 42,000 pints. Among the top contributing cities, St. Louis and Boston—each with about 800,000 people—have given only 60,000 and 70,000 pints, respectively, and Detroit has given only 80,000 pints from a population of a million and a half.

So far, most of the donors have signed up in groups—labor unions, department stores, police and fire departments. Only rarely does a man appear as an individual, scarcely at all the woman of leisure. Nurses wait idly afternoon after afternoon, only to be jammed with donors after five o'clock and on week-ends. These donors come after a hard day's work, before going home to cook their dinners.

A pint every eight weeks, but not more than five times a year, is all the Red Cross permits. Professional donors often give blood twice a month.

Perhaps some non-donors are not aware of the importance of plasma and the urgent need for more of it. Plasma, known thirty-five years, but in practical use only eight years, is the first known specific for shock. It is just as positive a life-saver as insulin is for diabetes. "During the last war," says Dr. Earl Taylor, National Technical Consultant of the Red Cross Blood Donor Service, "the mortality of shock patients was as high as forty per cent. While we can not yet establish scientific proof that the present reduction in shock mortality is the direct result of plasma, doctors on all battlefronts agree on its miraculous value."

Almost every wounded man suffers from shock. Countless other severe shock patients are not even physically injured. Shock is one of the major causes of death in war. Burns, hemorrhages, wounds, tissue damage, immersion—all are capable of producing shock. Plasma gives the victim sufficient strength to withstand surgery. Plasma keeps him alive while he is being carried back to the base hospital for treatment. Plasma literally spells the difference between life and death for untold numbers of men and women.

Plasma and Strategy

A recent letter from a Marine Corps doctor in the South Pacific to his wife put the point directly enough for even the most heedless of us back home. "The plasma is doing a yeoman job here," he wrote, "and many are alive who otherwise would have hopped the twig." That our present quantity is far short of the most conservative requirements has been made clear by Dr. Taylor: "Plasma on hand must be increased because of the strategical nature of this war. Armies are scattered all over the world. Our losses so far have been comparatively few, but one can not tell when or where mass trouble will strike. We need plasma from the Pacific to the Mediterranean—more than may ever be necessary, but enough for each theatre of operations in case of an emergency."

THEY gave me a button as I was leaving. They give one to every donor. I'm not the button type, but I shall keep this one. They also asked if I would like to make an appointment for the next pint. The answer was, of course, "Yes." A near-pass-out is no longer enough to scare me away. Also they told me that syncope doesn't usually happen the next time, that I shouldn't arrive with fists clenched, expecting the worst. There is such a thing as talking yourself into that condition.

Indeed I shall not arrive with fists clenched. Once we know what is in store, there is no reason for us to be frightened. Timidity is largely fear of the unknown. Yet if you have a slight apprehensive feeling as you enter your Blood Donor Centre, remember that feeling will be far outweighed by your interest in what you are about to do. It is a vastly absorbing and exciting experience. It is an event that will enrich your life, and it's yours for the asking. I, for one, know that I gained far more than I gave, that I have added one cubit to my stature.

I wonder how many of all the "too busy" people—and there are still millions who have not yet donated one pint—know down-deep what I mean. Anyway, I am back home now, and I thought if I told my story without pulling any punches, a few of those millions could perhaps be inspired to find the necessary hour.

I also feel splendid—in a much bigger way. At last I have the feeling of being in this war. It's an awfully small way of being in it—only five hours out of 365 days—but it's going to let me join that first toast in celebration of the peace.

Getting Along in a Man's World

The story of a successful woman, who learned that nothing succeeds like brains, initiative, humour, and luck

BY MARY LEWIS

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mary Lewis, who has curly blond hair and an unhurried manner, is doing double-time now as head of her own shop and as merchandise supervisor of fashion apparel for Sears Roebuck. Her career, from her initiation as a copy-writer to her rank as a Big-League executive, is a case-study in how to do well for oneself in a man's world. In her less executive hours, she dances, collects antiques and Victorian porcelain, and gives inspired parties.*]

I STARTED from scratch, but it wasn't so difficult. Because this is practically the first generation of women in business, they're still enough of a novelty to get attention, and women in big jobs are so rare that people talk about them. That means the spot-light's on any gal who can rise above her sisters—having her show the least bit of brains or initiative is about as surprising as having Shirley Temple sing Carmen. Brains and initiative are expected of a man—nobody looks for them in a woman. So that gives her a break, right off. When she has them, and more important, uses them, she can go far.

Look at me, for instance. I haven't exceptional brains, and I'm certainly not a genius. At school I was never voted "most likely to succeed." I wasn't a good student, except in art class. Eventually I flunked out. (That question in the physiography test about "Where are sand dunes found?" stumped me. The only answer I could think of was "White Plains.") So, the roll of white paper I carried away from the platform on Graduation Day was just that—a roll of white paper, not a diploma.

I didn't know what I wanted to do after that none too auspicious beginning. I would have liked to go on the stage, but I wasn't particularly ambitious. I loved to draw, and I could sew and design clothes. But that hardly added up to Great Talent. My first job was as a decorator's apprentice, and paid me nothing at all. My next one, as an errand girl when girls replaced boys during the last war, got me down because I had to wear a silly, unbecoming little cap with *"Messenger"* written on it. My third one, doing clerical work that never got done no matter how assiduously one worked, was so boring that I left almost before I started. My fourth job was in Macy's in the Drapery Department, where I was supposed to sell. I hated it, for in those days no nice girl swore, neither did she "sell."

FROM THERE ON IN, I NEVER LOOKED AT A CLOCK

BUT one day luck looked over my shoulder in the person of a former schoolmate. She asked me what I was doing, and I volunteered the information that I didn't like it. Through her, I got a job as a copywriter in the Advertising Department. For the first time I knew I belonged. I never again looked at a clock, never again counted the hours till closing time. I was started on a career. My guardian angel sat with me as I wrote my first ad—and, even so, everything was wrong about it from the Ad Manager's point of view. I had misunderstood his instructions, but it was late or he was tired, and anyway the ad was all set up. So they let it run. Quite unwittingly, I had tied in with a national "Made in America" campaign, and the ad was an enormous success.

That woke me up. It taught me that copy could sell anything I wanted it to sell. I began to write ads in the vernacular; after all, that's the way people talk, so why didn't we speak their language? My, how those ads came to life. I began to have a lot of good ideas about this time, and I began to tell the world about them. They began to pull—sales boomed, and so did I. Everything I touched turned to gold, or anyway to good legal tender.

Today when anyone asks me "How I got there," I always say it was luck. And a great deal of it was. Luck got me into the work for which I was fitted. It was lucky my career coincided with the big rise of the ready-to-wear industry. It was luck that sent me to Best's, where I could grow up with the store. It was lucky I noticed the cotton dress on a girl in Palm Beach, and because of it, and what I did about it, I've been credited with bringing cotton back in fashion. I like cotton, even though it hadn't been seen outside of the kitchen for more than a generation. I like it to wear in the daytime and at night. So I cooked up some cotton dresses. And no American woman who has lived through our torrid summers will ever prefer silk. It was clean, it was cool, it was easy to wash, and there was such overabundance of cotton in our American fields.

SLEEP AND UNDERSTATEMENT— TWO SURE-FIRE HABITS

I WAS lucky that a lot of my ideas were not only "firsts," but that they caught on. No one had thought of the "Little Shop" idea for big department stores before I did. No one had recognized the American woman's love of shrewdly simple clothes, classical in cut and non-dated, with a strong emphasis on the comfort angle. I worked out some dresses along these lines; never mind the cost—get them good—the best fabrics—hand-made buttonholes, and that kind of thing. I called them Shirtmaker Frocks. And how American women loved them.

The one clothes theory that I've always believed in and preached, is that one should be willing to pay the price, whatever it happens to be, for things of intrinsic worth and enduring style. Pay the price for a good, hand-woven tweed suit—it will be a favourite for practically a lifetime. But if you're going to fall for transient things, like peg-top draperies, get your dress in a budget shop. Spend the money on the best mink coat (lucky girl if you can afford it), but go easy on the fly-by-night ideas. Well, anyway, that's my idea.

Yes, I've been lucky. I was sent abroad when other girls with jobs like mine never got that opportunity. Years later, it was great good luck that one evening my hostess seated me next to General Wood, president of Sears Roebuck.

But it isn't luck that I never get tired, that I've never been away from the job on account of illness. I'm healthy, but it's my own doing that I am. I've exercised (for years I've been Elizabeth Arden's most faithful pupil). I've dieted (not too fanatically or too faithfully, but enough to learn something about proper foods). I've ridden, I've walked, I've done tap dancing. I should be the girl with the million-dollar chassis, for I've spent plenty in pursuit of symmetry. I'm not, but the point is I'm healthy. I get eight hours sleep

most nights, and I'm disagreeable when people try to keep me out late. I'm no night-club addict. In fact, I've always said that I should read Dale Carnegie after midnight because that's when I begin to lose friends.

It wasn't luck that I've never let anyone take the rap for me, that I've always been ready to admit "that's my fault," even though someone else might have been made to carry the blame. And I've always deferred to the professional, in fields other than my own, whenever I've had any dealings with him. All that I put down to early training.

And it wasn't luck that I've never brought up my business or talked about what I did, unless I was asked. That was conscious, deliberate, studied. When asked, "And what do you do?", I always said, "Oh, I work for Best's. Or Saks. Or Sears," as the case might be. It was funny, sometimes, when people found out afterwards that I was a Vice-President. And it was good, too, for if there's one thing I've learned it's the value of understatement. It was far better that they be surprised, pleasantly I hope, than to have them think, "What a conceited wench that is, talk about the tiresome business man, deliver me anytime from the tiresome business woman."

Give us another fifty years, and we'll be able to dissemble and be as casual about our jobs as men are. Our present absorption is the natural result of it all being so new to us. We take things so personally, take things so to heart. We storm, we sulk, we weep. We're all too often petty and too limelight-conscious, when obviously it's the result that matters. What difference does it make if it involves submerging ourselves and letting someone else take the credit? I long ago learned to put myself last—and the object first. You can't be a big business man, or even a medium-size business woman, if you don't know how to get things done. And you can't do it all yourself. You have to learn to delegate to be a good executive. And you have to keep calm, and hold on to your sense of humour and your temper.

Of Men...Other Women... and a Pink-and-Blue Shop

I meet lots of men in business, of course, and I get along with them. Why shouldn't I? I'm no feminist. I like business men—yes, better than business women. But I certainly don't expect them to fall in love with me. They tell me I carry this sort of thing too far, never even considering that they'd like to have a cocktail or lunch with me, just taking it for granted that they have some business matter to discuss.

I meet lots of women, too, and I get along with them. I've never been able to understand why some of our sex is still afraid to surround itself with brains, beauty, and youth. Is that, too, because we've so recently invaded the realm of big business, that we still feel insecure in our jobs? Thank heavens, I've attracted and had the wit to help some of the prettiest, brightest young things in the industry. I haven't been afraid that they'd "get my job"—when they do I'll know I deserved it.

My fine little god of luck was right beside me when I was asked to do a fashion building for the World's Fair. What did I know about getting together a plan for a building?...not much I grant you. And the funniest part is I never meant to accept the invitation. But I did, and it seemed to work. The whole place was done in pink and blue. The outside walls were in pink and blue "Mary Lewis stripes." Even the architect who had carried through my scheme was pleased. As for me, I was frankly astonished.

That same little god who has dogged my footsteps certainly arranged my present happy situation. I have my own shop, done in my favourite pink and blue, staffed by a crew of pretty girls in pink and blue dresses. And there's a great deal more blue than pink on the balance sheets. Of course, I adore it.

In addition to all this, I find myself at Sears Roebuck just at the time that the whole fashion world is changing, when everyone with eyes in his head can see that Distribution with a capital D has a rosy future. So now I have my cake, and I can eat it, too. I have my own shop, and I have the fun of being part of an enormous business that ties in with the very fibre of American life. There isn't any doubt that the people, the plain people, will win this war, and that the social pattern of the future will be of their making. That's all fine for Sears Roebuck, and, incidentally, fine for me, too. I've always found more fun in selling thousands of a fashion at a low price, than in selling one at a high price. There may never have been a General Motors of the fashion industry, but I can see no good reason why there can't be one.

I like dealing with the public—I like a job that has colour, variety, and a chance for personal expression. I love to sell through the medium of the printed word, and I'm good at that, even though I was to flop at the same job, selling, in person. I love the aliveness of the "rags business"—its constant change, continual excitement, and, above all, the thrill that comes when you pick a winner.

I've been lucky in working for organizations and individuals I could respect. I'd hate it, otherwise. I'd rather have a small job in an important organization than a big one in some totally insignificant outfit. I'd hate working for a second-rater. I'd hate to work in a bank, dealing with lifeless stuff like money. I'd be no good at a repetitious job—I hate detail. Mine are the broad strokes, not the fussy, meticulous ones. I'd hate to have a definite lunch hour, or having to account for every minute of the day. And yet I'm so used to job discipline that I invariably feel guilty if I come in late in the morning.

Now, One More Question— It's Your Turn to Answer

My weaknesses, and I know them, are pretty typical of my sex. We're better at handling other people's money than our own. We get ahead fastest when we stick to women's work—that's why we're good at any lines relating to clothes or the home. We do our best work when we're striving for masculine approval. I don't think we're ever much good completely on our own—possibly because it's so much more heartwarming to get a kind word from some male boss than to receive the cold, impersonal applause of the public.

I don't think we're ever happy with just a career. We may like it, and we certainly think we're pretty swell stuff. But if there isn't a man in the background, or the foreground, we aren't really happy. In England once they interviewed me, being terribly interested in the fact that any woman earned a really big salary. I thought it rather vulgar of the British, for I thought they were above such sordid matters. And one of the papers headlined the interview with "This girl makes more than the Prime Minister."

"The highest salaried woman in America." Well, what woman wants to be known as just that? And if it comes to a showdown, what does the career girl pick—her career or the man? You know as well as I do.

We're Cutting Meat

Meat-rationed recipes—to make one man's meat feed a dozen

BY MARCIA DAVENPORT

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The list of Marcia Davenport's activities rumbles along like a Senate filibuster—she is the author of the best-selling novel, "The Valley of Decision," an authority on operas, a radio speaker, war-relief worker, wife of an editor of "Fortune," and an adroit cook. Her interest in music is congenital—she is the daughter of the great soprano, Alma Gluck. Most of her time now goes to Russian War Relief—she's one of their crack speakers, adept at addressing labor unions.*]

VOLUNTARY meat rationing is here, and obligatory meat rationing will be here as soon as the machinery to administer it is working. This, plus gasoline rationing and the restriction on all pleasure driving, will bring the war home with a sharp smack to every civilian in the United States.

The time is already past when this war could be taken seriously by some women and casually by others. When everybody is going to have an identical problem involving the basic staple of the average American meal, we are all in this, domestically, together. But that is no reason for feeling discouraged. It is not even a reason why women known for wonderful food, women with reputations as talented cooks or inspired hostesses or even great gourmets, need back down now and settle for dullness or grimness on their dinner-tables. It is their duty not to do so.

We do not know yet exactly how the meat rationing is going to work. We know that it applies now to the "red" meats—beef, veal, pork, and lamb or mutton. We understand that there is to be no rationing of poultry and fish, which gives us very wide scope; and if the rationing is managed here as in England, meat accessories—"organs": kidneys, liver, hearts, tripe, sweetbreads, brains, et cetera—will not be rationed. This fact should make a gourmet drool. If you have a family who shrink at these "organs," you had better get tough and inform them that they are going to have to learn to eat and like them as a part of their job in the war. Nutritionally, these foods are in the super-Grade A class.

The basic ways of cooking cheaper cuts of meat, usually with vegetables, are stewing, braising, and simmering (not boiling!), in casseroles in the oven or on the back of the stove. The most satisfactory cuts of such meat are fat: shoulder or rack or breast of lamb; chuck or brisket or rib ends of beef. The fat gives succulence and flavour to the meat during the long, slow cooking that it must have. But you must never serve a dish with any liquid fat on it.

YOU DON'T NEED COUPONS FOR YOUR SUPPLY OF INGENUITY

YOU should finish the cooking an hour or more before such a dish is to be served. Take it then from the oven or the fire, and let it stand aside until all the fat has risen to the top. Carefully, patiently, skim this off, every drop of it, and pour it through a strainer into the coffee can in which you are saving all your surplus fats for salvage. When you have skimmed off all you can, take some paper kitchen towels, tear them in wide strips, and draw the strips carefully across the surface of the dish, so that the paper absorbs every last drop of the fat. When all the fat is cleared, proceed to the sauce.

The real art of cooking humble pieces of meat lies in the method and ingredients that are used. Wine is no longer a cooking secret in the American kitchen, and we have such an abundance of satisfactory, inexpensive California and other American wines that there is no possible reason for denying oneself a bottle each of stout red wine and dry white wine for cooking.

Remember that a big problem of the English diet now is its sameness and lack of savour, because of the awful dearth of onions, garlic, and most seasonings and spices which originate in the parts of the world now defiled by the Japs. So treasure your store of spices, seasonings, flavoured salts, various peppers, extracts, et cetera. Take care of them: keep them dry, but not in a hot cupboard over the stove, and always keep their containers tightly closed. Be foresighted and accumulate good supplies of them—far short of the limits of hoarding—now while you can.

ITALIAN IDEAS, INCONGRUOUSLY OUR ALLIES

AND learn to use not only the dried herbs with which the fashionable food world has been asphyxiated in recent years (the majority of them are vastly overrated), but fresh green herbs and leaves whenever you can get them. If you live in a big city, get acquainted at once with the foreign markets, where you will see greens, vegetables, herbs, and leaves that you never heard of before. Learn to know long-leaved (Hamburg) parsley, both for its leaves and for its roots, which lend such incomparable flavour to soups and ragouts. Learn to use knob celery, and the coarse green parts of stalk celery. Get over your childhood horror of parsnips and turnips. Grab every leek you see in market. Go for the big, coarse, overgrown carrots whose flavour is what you want in your new kind of cooking. Learn all about dried beans and peas and their relatives—there are more kinds in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy—and you are going to be very dependent on them as time goes on.

The staples of the Italian diet—hard-wheat flour pastes and cheese, together with vegetables and oil, will keep you and your family in good health, feeling well fed, if the war lasts for years. A food habit that will step up our diet and give it flavour, as well as take up the slack in our reduced meat consumption, is the Italian one of slathering, at the table, grated cheese into all soups and starchy dishes.

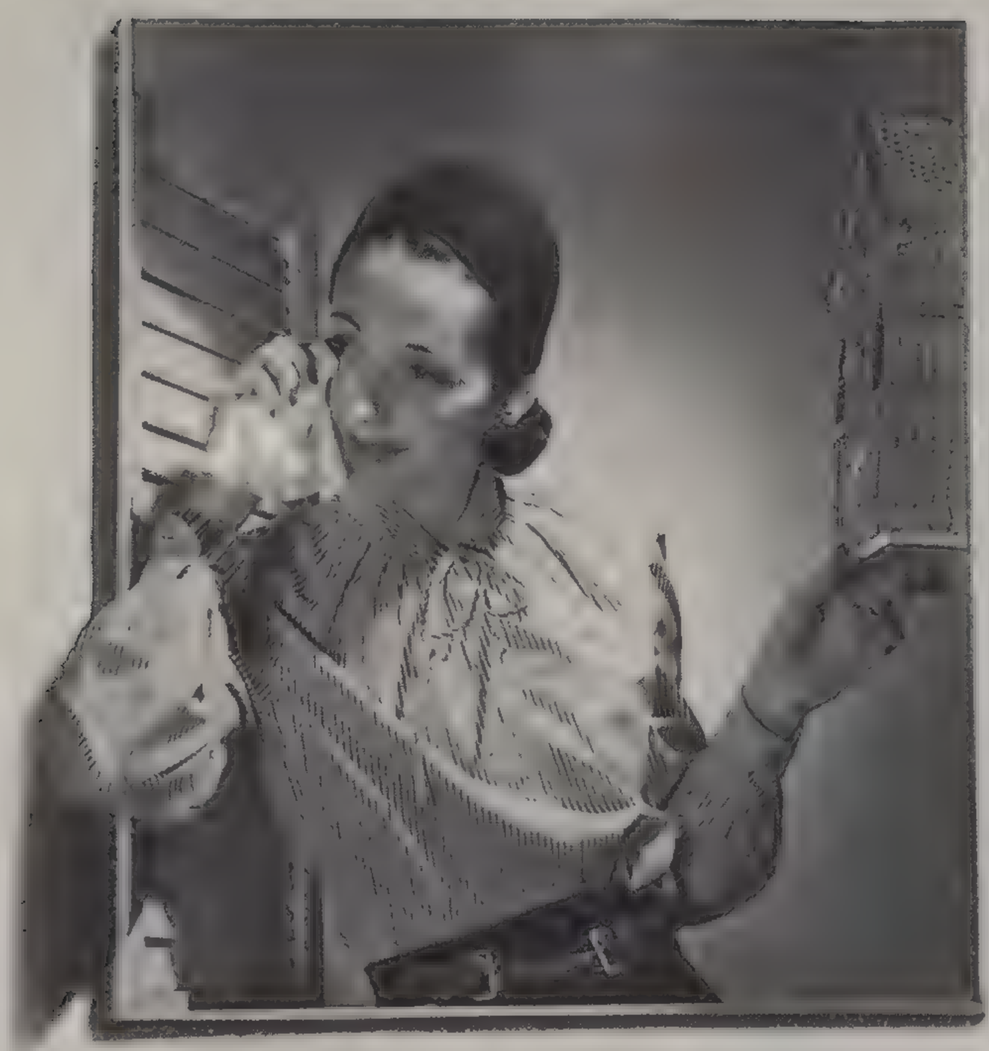
Every wartime kitchen should have a backlog of thin and thick Italian spaghetti and shapes of macaroni, tiny pastes for soups, and fancy shapes like bows or shells or ribbons, which make wonderful main dishes. These pastes are cheap, they keep, they cook in no time (you can turn out a gastronomically glorious meal in twenty minutes flat with them and a salad bowl); and they are, together with rice and other cereals, the world's best extenders of a little meat—or of a little anything. And when they take on leftovers...!

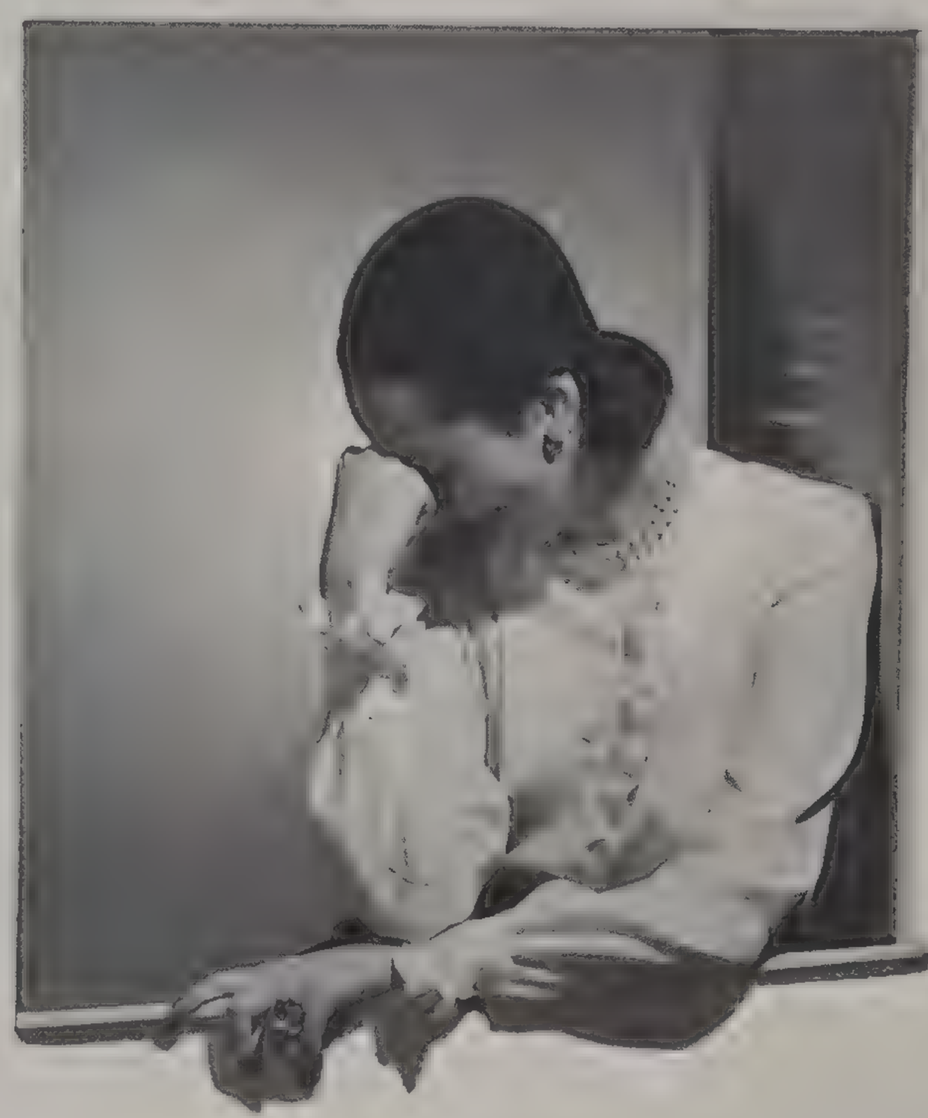
Here is one of the best dishes I make, and it's good for you—ask your nutrition expert to comment on it the next time you go to your cooking class: (Continued on page 88)

HORST

Tallulah Bankhead

Playing a Lilith-through-the-ages, Tallulah Bankhead wears a cerise bathing-suit and red mesh stockings, in Thornton Wilder's latest hit, "The Skin of Our Teeth." She provides the high point of the play by raising a dainty pink parasol as protection from an allegorical deluge. The play, a kind of intellectual Hellzapoppin, is part high-strung wit, part a philosophical crazy quilt





ALL JEWELS; TIFFANY AND COMPANY

When you take

Now that suits must be simple, let your blouse be more ornamental. These are so fresh and frilled, you'll want to take your jacket off on any pretext.

• Top left. New wing collar and string tie on a blouse of striped blue-and-white Everfast cotton. Florence Gainor design; under $7. Lord and Taylor.

• Top right: Drawstring blouse of white wool jersey; $10. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

• Lower left: Frills to soften the strictest of tailored suits. A white cotton madras blouse that goes in and out of a tub undaunted; $5. Bloomingdale.

• Last: One-sided frill on Celanese rayon crêpe; $11. Abercrombie and Fitch

HORST

off your jacket

• Top left: Effective as a jewelled clip—the black lace medallion and green bow on this white Clarepotter blouse of Enka rayon crêpe; $23. Bonwit Teller.
• Top right: Frills—to fill in the V-neck of your new suit. Blouse of pale blue Chinese silk shantung. Clarepotter design; $23. Bonwit Teller.
• Lower left: Ruching of frills down a blouse of black-and-white printed silk. Nice with bolero suit or house pyjamas. $45. Hattie Carnegie.
• Last: Black tie on a Debcraft blouse of plaid cotton madras; $4. Altman.
• N. B. And on every girl—the sleek little skull-cap that is head news

HORST

MORE LINGERIE BLOUSES ON PAGE 89

FRESH AND FRILLED

Made in Mexico and made by hand—this beruffled blouse of white cotton batiste. It's one of a series of lingerie blouses that have just come from Mexico. Too pretty to hide under a jacket, it belongs with a long dinner-skirt or these black Celanese rayon satin pyjamas; or, South, with shorts. Blouse; $19. Pyjamas; $10. Lord and Taylor

Some Face-saving Gestures

It's enviable—and not impossible—the profile, clean-cut as the head on a new-minted coin. Sometimes it's a matter of luck. Sometimes a matter of youth. And sometimes, when both of those have left you—just a matter of everlasting care. It has a lot to do with your attitude—how your face expresses your emotions, how you carry yourself. It *can* have a lot to do with how much you have learned to use creams as a medium, and your hands as tools, in a nightly sculpturing act.

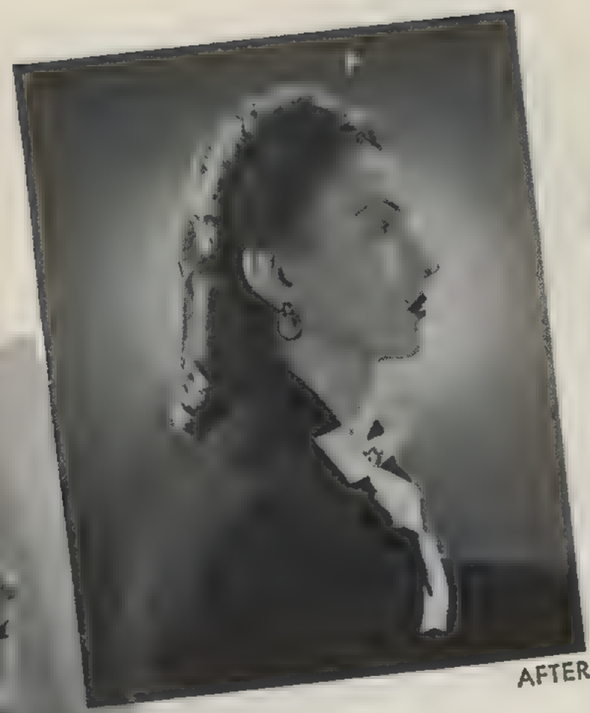
• For that clean sweep up from the jaw-line: Set aside ten to twenty minutes every night of your life. Pretend you are going to mould your face, with your fingers—and use creams that are made for your type of skin. First cleanse your face with cream applied on a cotton pad, soaked in a mild cleansing lotion. Then pat on your emollient cream. Then start at the jaw and stroke the cream up to the temple—three times. Then start at the mouth and stroke across the cheek up to the temple—three times. Then go once across the chin. Then straight across the upper lip—and up along the side of the nose, up, up to the forehead, and out to the temples, three times.

• For your throat: Use a cream that is stimulating—and that is, at the same time, rich with fine oils. After cleansing, use an astringent-soaked cotton pad as a patter, all over your throat. Then with cream on both your hands, use sure, upward, alternating strokes from the base of the neck to the jaw-line—about six strokes. Leave a film of the cream on all night.

• For your eyes: Remember that the skin framing your eyes is delicately textured. Use a gossamer cream, and the touch of only one finger. Smooth on your eye cream from the inside to the outer corner of the eye, above and below it. And use an eye wash every morning and every night.

• For your nightly skin-corrective care, Frances Denney recommends: Oil Blend, for dry skin; Oils of the Wilderness, a lipoid cream; Throat and Neck Blend; and Frances Denney Eye Cream.

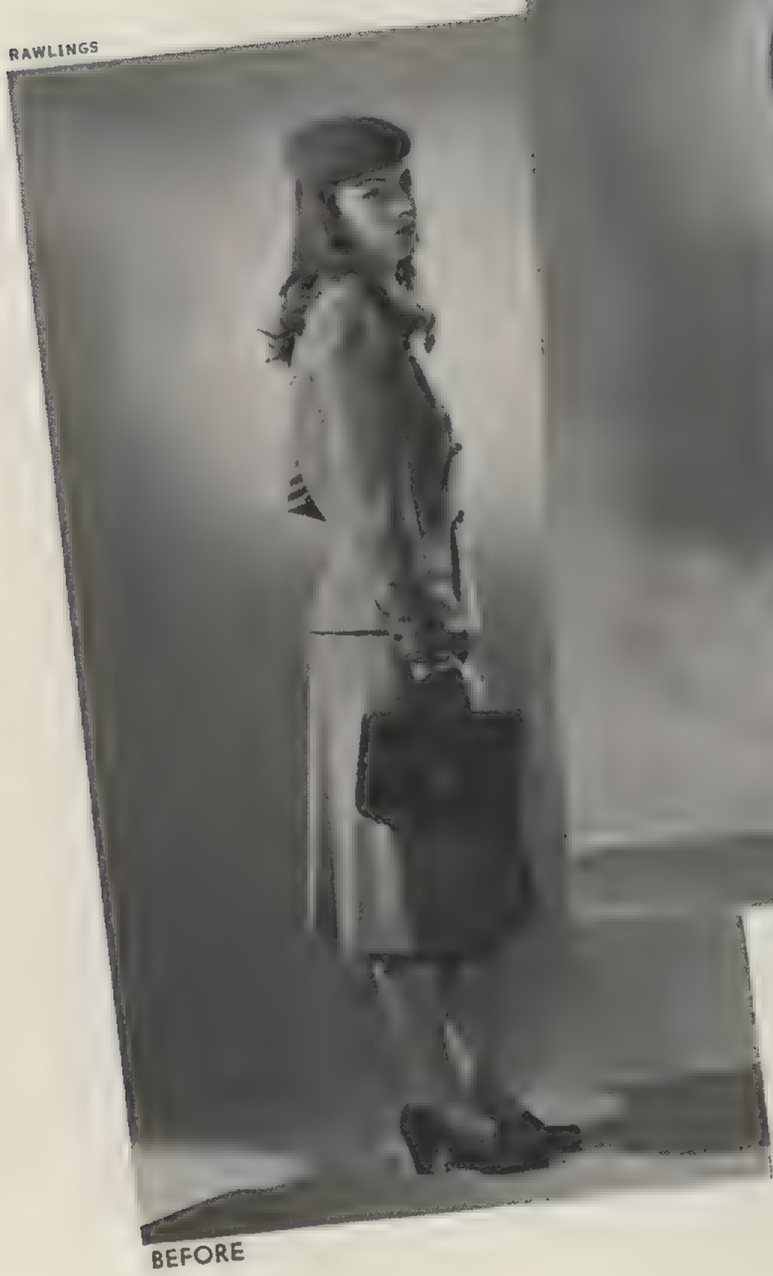
Before and after remodeling


AFTER

BEFORE

AFTER

RAWLINGS


BEFORE

THIS is a true story, one of the happiest true stories we know. It is a little like the sort of thing that goes on in fairy-tales, but more engaging because it is real. It's about how the girl in the photographs at the extreme left became the girl in the photograph at the right—as nice a piece of magic as you could ask to see without a wand. And in neither case were the photographs retouched.

A seventeen-year-old girl came to Vogue asking to be a model, which seemed a preposterous request at first glance. Her hair hung streaming, without a plan, conspicuously caught by bobby-pins. Her make-up was scant, badly applied, and, for her colouring, wrong. Posture was a capital S of convex and concave curves where a good figure should have been. But her features were arresting. She had potentialities—if she could only revamp herself. Quite frankly, we discussed her possibilities and told her that if she could find a way to bring them out, we should like to see her again.

She found a way. Helena Rubinstein's Five-Day Wonder Course. At a cost of $15, she attended five two-hour sessions in the Salon and did the homework suggested. (In her case, a week's homework was enough, but each case differs.) At the Salon, Miss Mala Rubinstein and her staff instructed her in skin care, how to apply make-up for photographs and ordinary wear; how to correct her posture. Her hair, which had never been set in her life, was styled by Mr. Michel, who gave her advice about its care.

After this wonder course, she returned to us a new woman: posture improved, waist-line and hips reduced to correct model proportions, make-up professionally applied. You can see the Difference in the Before and After photographs at the left...in both of which she's wearing the same suit, a red wool jersey by Davidow.

End of the story? Girl models for Vogue. (See opposite page.)

Perhaps you have no urge to be a model, but if you'd like to improve the one-and-only skin allotted to you in a lifetime, if you'd like your hair to do more than just sit on your head, if you'd like to Do Something about the way you stand or walk, if your figure is not quite what it was once upon a time...this story may give you a cue.

...and after remodeling

HORST

BOWLER BY KNOX

—she's modeling

This is the girl who made good—the girl whose story you read on the opposite page. She's photographed here in her first model assignment, wearing a terse Knox felt bowler and a right-wherever-you-go suit of herring-bone wool—with a gold watch-chain. Suit tailored by Rosenblum of California; I. Magnin. Suit and jewels: Altman

Checks
come back

CHECKS will pay you well—this spring. They're precise and neat, pretty and non-perishable, a good investment and good-looking. Any of these would take you through a busy spring and a busy summer. All of them are considerate of insufficient funds.

ABOVE: A check that is honoured in town or country, with or without a coat. A navy-blue and white rayon crêpe dress, tied in a neat tie at the neck, belted with patent leather. Klafter and Sobel Original; about $20. Arnold Constable; Carson Pirie Scott

ABOVE RIGHT: Fresh as a touch of white—but less dependent on tubbing—the touch of checked rayon taffeta on this navy-blue wool dress. Wear gloves of the same and a cap with a snood of checks. Arthur Weiss Original; $25. Russeks; Mandel Brothers

OPPOSITE PAGE: A short overcoat of black-and-white checked wool to wear over almost anything. Here, it tops a black wool skirt and red waistcoat. Fred A. Block Original costume. Coat; $50. Skirt and waistcoat; $50. All: Altman; Garfinckel's; J. W. Robinson

HORST

Pin Stripes . . .

Neat as a pin—pin stripes. Here in white, neatly-spaced, on grey wool flannel exactly like Gents' Suitings. It's a suit that has the tidy look you want, this spring, this year. Suit, about $35. Felt beret, about $15. Both by Carolyn Modes. Arnold Constable; Mandel Brothers; H. P. Wasson & Co.

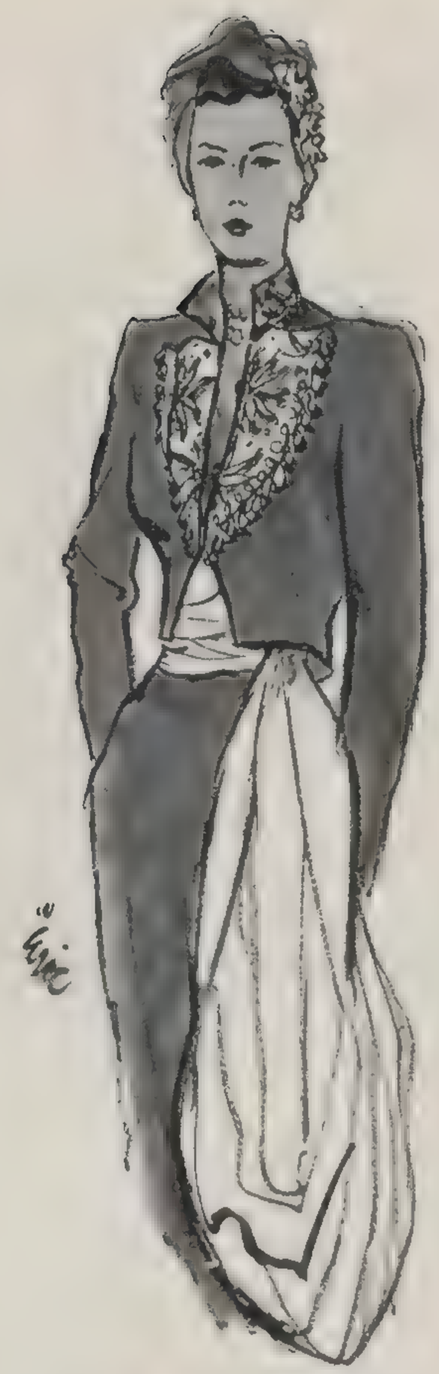
. . . Pin Checks

Neat as a pin—pin checks. Here in black-and-white, small and tidy, on an all-wool suit designed by Jo Copeland. The buttons are of black plastic, with red ribbon tabs; the button-on collar is of white cotton piqué; the jacket has the new waistcoat look. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus

South now — Summer later

Pale pink head-shawl
for Southern or Summer nights.
Bianchini Fiberset rayon crêpe.
In your hair — a coral jewel.
Both Hattie Carnegie

Hand-painted Siamese cats
and fringed shoulders and hem
on a rayon crêpe blouse
to go over slacks or skirts.
Tina Leser design;
Saks-Fifth Avenue



Bolero and pajamas
of green silk coolie tussur.
Embroidered revers, pink sash.
Hattie Carnegie

"Dimout Dining" shoes
for South or North.
Black faille and suède,
Joyce shoes; Lord and Taylor

Traina-Norell's version
of the Zoot coat.
Red Rodier wool, white-piped.
Wear it over tennis shorts, slacks,
bathing-suit. Bonwit Teller

← Opposite page

**To take South—strict jackets, frilly jabots.
First: Black lace jabot, tied in blue;
black silk shantung tunic and slacks; Henri Bendel.
Second: Sun-Maker yellow jacket, black, satin-striped slacks. (Both Cohama rayon faille.)
Lord and Taylor. Both costumes; Carson Pirie Scott**

QUICK CHANGE ACTS

Designs for dressmaking

SIMPLE is the way of clothes today...so simple that a woman, skilled or unskilled, can make her own. Pioneering, she snips and stitches away...while good gremlins teeter on the foot-tread of her sewing-machine. Two outfits that she could begin on, without a dash of fright, are the two shown here. And each has some new feature to help it lead a double or triple life.

Design No. 9626. Not just another black dress—but one that can change its personality at will—at your will. For this dress has a dickey, and by making three or four different dickeys, you can ring changes on it. Have, say, a pink-and-black dotted one, a white one, a striped one. Have cuffs of the same, and a scarf, like a babushka, to wear on your head at night.

Jacket Design No. 9571; Skirt No. 9634. A wool suit that achieves the new meticulously neat look. The jacket—which is collarless to allow self-expression in blouses and scarfs—would be nice in black-and-white checks. The skirt has a suggestion of trouser-pleats. Wear jacket now with black or red skirt, later with white flannel skirt.

• Back views and sizes on page 90

DESIGN NO. 9626

JOFFÉ

JACKET DESIGN NO. 9571. SKIRT NO. 9634

First Prints

1. PIN-NEAT POLKA-DOTS

2. TRUE-TO-LIFE CARNATIONS

3. GRADUATED POLKA-DOTS

6. NEW SLANT ON PRINTS

7. PRINT—TAKEN LIGHTLY

8. LACY SCROLL PRINT

4. DRESDEN ROSE PRINT

HORST

5. CHECKED FOR SPRING

9. NEW LEAF FOR SPRING

1. PIN-NEAT POLKA-DOTS. Bow-neck dress of grey rayon crêpe with white polka-dots. Porcelain buttons, soft side fullness; $30. Bergdorf Goodman.

2. TRUE-TO-LIFE CARNATIONS. Turquoise ones—boutonnière-size—growing on a background of black rayon crêpe. B. H. Wragge dress; $25. Bonwit Teller.

3. GRADUATED POLKA-DOTS—these dwindle at your waist. White dots, pitted against black. Of rayon crêpe, black-belted; $30. Henri Bendel's Young-Timers.

4. DRESDEN ROSE PRINT. Green-and-white flowers on cherry-red; ruching at throat and sleeves. McMullen dress of rayon crêpe; $23. Lord and Taylor.

5. CHECKED FOR SPRING. Gingham-like checks in brown-and-white—printed on rayon jersey. $30. White piqué Breton sailor hat. Both; Lord and Taylor.

6. NEW SLANT ON PRINTS. Diagonal multicoloured bands reading right to left on this Glendale dress of rayon jersey. Bow neck, peg pockets; $11. Altman.

7. PRINT—TAKEN LIGHTLY. Faintly figured dress of lemon-yellow Celanese rayon crêpe. Ruching on the bib, sleeves, peg pockets; $9. At Chez Rosette.

8. LACY SCROLL PRINT. White tracery printed on brown for this two-piece dress of rayon crêpe. Plain brown skirt. By L'Aiglon; $13. Lord and Taylor.

9. NEW LEAF FOR SPRING. Clinging vines on this spun rayon dress. The foliage is white; the background—grey. A L'Aiglon dress; $9. From Lord and Taylor.

LITTLE CAP...BIG SUCCESS

THE big hat success in town is the little skull-cap—pointed in front. Jessica of Bergdorf Goodman designed it... for all the busy women who beseeched her to make a little, easy-to-wear hat.

HERRMANN

MRS. BROOKS HOWE, on her way to the Ships' Service, often wears her skull-cap like this—pinned with a curled feather

MRS. WILLIAM AVERELL HARRIMAN, treasurer of the Ships' Service, goes to her office in this skull-cap of blue felt—on which she clips a jewel

MRS. W. M. DURYEA, a Long Island airplane spotter, comes into town in this bright red felt skull-cap—trimmed with passementerie braid

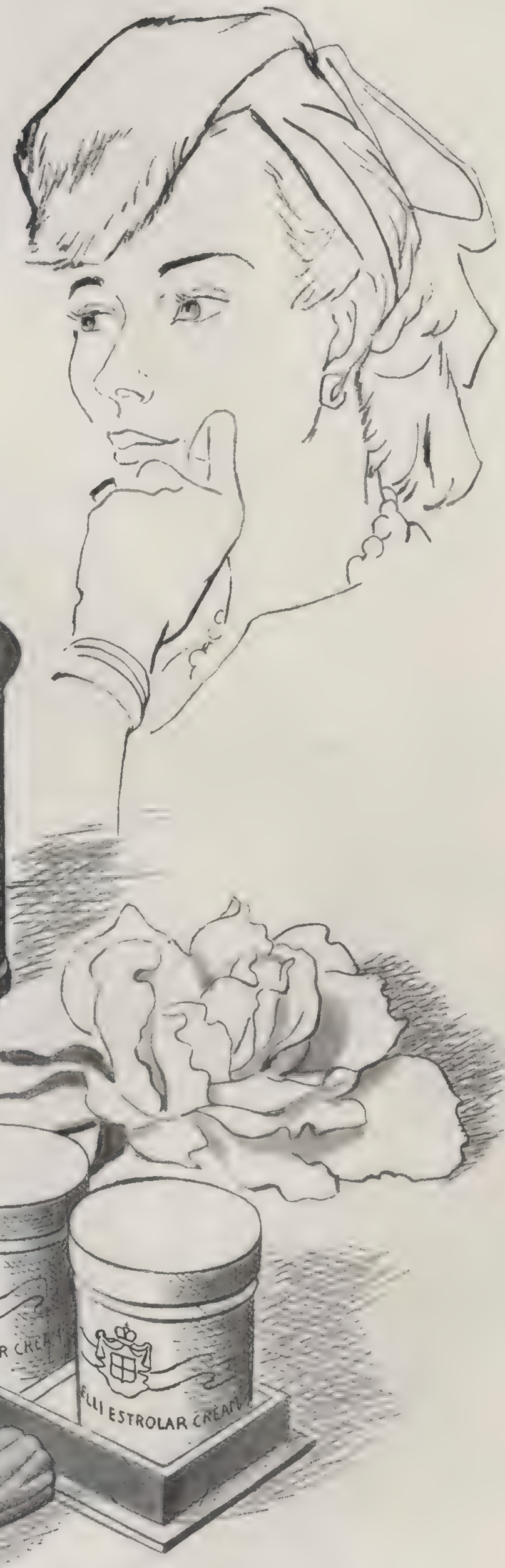
MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN, JUNIOR, when she comes in from Rhinebeck, wears this black skull-cap. On it, her emerald clip

MRS. ESMOND BRADLEY MARTIN wears an A.W.V.S. cap by day, but at night—this hatter's plush cap on which she pins a huge pink rose

Look Younger.. with Estrolar

by Princess Gourielli

This remarkable scientific cream contains Biocine,* equivalent of an estrogenic substance abundant in youth but diminishing with advancing years. Estrolar, used as directed, is of the greatest importance in attaining a youthful appearance of face, neck, hands. Thirty-day supply, 5.50. Twin jars, 10.00.



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EMULSION. Modern way to cleanse. Softens, soothes, lubricates in one action. 1.50, 3.00.

OZONE CREAM. Exhilarating for dry, dull skin. Releases nascent oxygen. 1.25, 2.00.

SULFO-COLLODIO CREAM. The true colloidal sulphur content helps combat oiliness and resultant blemishes when used as directed. 1.50.

New Trends in Make-up

ERMINE FOUNDATION. For a transparent, flower-petal finish. Conceals little flaws; protects your loveliness all day—all evening. 2.00, 3.50.

MOONLIGHT MIST FACE POWDER. Atom-fine texture, exquisite fragrance. Sheer flattery in skin blending shades. 3.00.

LUSTRE LIP-ROUGE STICK. Captivating color for lips and cheeks from one stick. In shades for every type. Bow case, 2.50. Crest case, 1.50.

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UNIQUE GOURIELLI SALON TREATMENTS include a *special* use of Estrolar to make you look younger. Come in for a private consultation. Also, ask about the new Vita-Wafer approach to reducing. Booklets on request.

THE HOUSE OF GOURIELLI

16 East 55th Street, New York

Helping Hands

Hand lotions help the hands which help the Clippers fly

YOU'VE been wrapping your hands up tenderly in the cotton-wool of concern for years. And all you've had to worry about was that your hands might lose their complexion through winter chapping, or sports, or housework.

It all seems a little silly now—and frightfully out of date. More hands than ever are doing K. P. Many of the servants *and* employers are filling, side by side, important war orders; are working after-hours in civilian defense jobs. And they are chancing their hands to everything from the antiseptic solutions of hospitals to the grease and grime of the machine shop—besides all of which, dishwater is practically a honeyed balm.

But—women still have lovely hands. All the gritty, oily, callus-making, skin-searing jobs are having little effect on hands which are *still* held with pleasure.

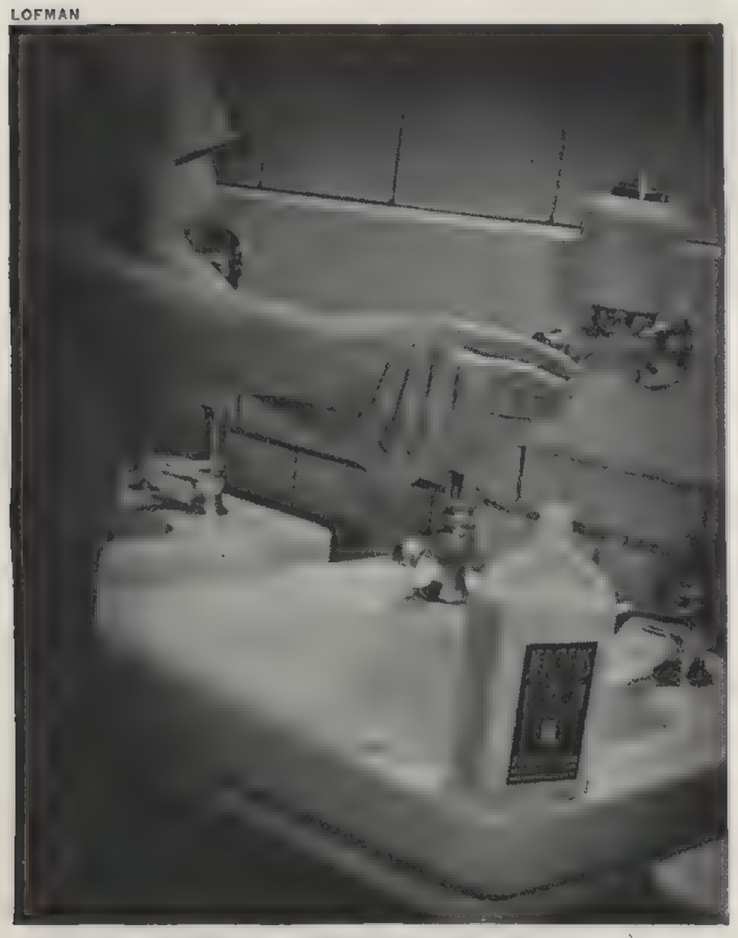
The answer is simple. Today there is more hand lotion being demanded from stores than ever in history. And the bathroom shelf is no longer the only nesting-place for the hand-beauty bottle. You will find hand lotion, to-day, sitting cheek-by-jowl with intricate plane parts on the work-bench. You will find it in giant factory washrooms, and in almost every war-worker's locker.

Most of our hand lotions have been developed for peaceable pursuits. But it is surprising how they stand up under the toughest hand-treatment. To gauge just how well one of them was rolling with the punch of war-work, the Jergens Company made a test of Jergens Lotion at the impressive Pan American hangar out at LaGuardia Field. This hangar is only part a garage for the giant Clippers which fly over the oceans of the world. The rest of it is a machine shop for replacing worn parts and tuning up the ships. The great Clipper sits, like Gulliver, in the centre of dozens of dwarfed-by-comparison humans who crawl and climb all over it. More and more of these humans are girls. Girls who heat rivets, and overhaul spark plugs, and work in sheet metal, and splice cable. Girls, many of whom—the Jergens Company found out—are using hand lotion more than they ever did before.

In peace-time, a hand lotion was probably used once-a-day on an average, if at all. Now, these girls, who work in metals and black grease, often use hand lotion four and five times a day. They put it on at the start of their shift, as a sort of protective working glove. They put it on after every break and after work.

There are, in the line-up at Pan American, girls who are used to taking care of their hands: an ex-nurse, an ex-piano teacher, an ex-dressmaker, an ex-accessories designer, an ex-dress model. And they are still taking care of their hands now that those *ex*'es are left behind for the duration. They haven't ever lost their conviction that a helping hand, peace *or* war, can still be a pretty hand.

LOFMAN



AFTER THE SHIFT—HAND LOTION

SERVICING A GRUMMAN TRAINER

REPAIRING A PART FOR THE CLIPPER

Frankly, he was Fascinated . . .

She had a certain elusive charm that defied description—invariably *men* appreciate the sensitive understatement of Elizabeth Arden lipstick shades which make them aware of the woman . . . not the make-up. And *women* love the subtle, carefully thought out Elizabeth Arden harmony between costume colors and lipstick shades.

The young woman wears a Burnt Sugar Lipstick—most effective with khaki . . . many of her friends complement their uniforms of blue with the youthful vigor of Redwood.

They choose an Elizabeth Arden Lipstick because it is firm enough to define the shape of the mouth, soft enough to smooth on evenly . . . because its long-lasting freshness is a delight and its color holds clear and true.

Every woman should have at least four essential shades to harmonize with a wide range of costume colors. These are the colors suggested by Miss Arden:

STOP RED **REDWOOD** **VICTORY RED** **MAGENTA**

Ask for Elizabeth Arden's make-up guide for flattering combinations of powder, lipstick, cheek rouge, eye sha-do, powder foundation and nail polish, to harmonize with costume colors.

Elizabeth Arden Lipsticks in a sturdy composition paper case at 1.00. Refills, .75. Plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden

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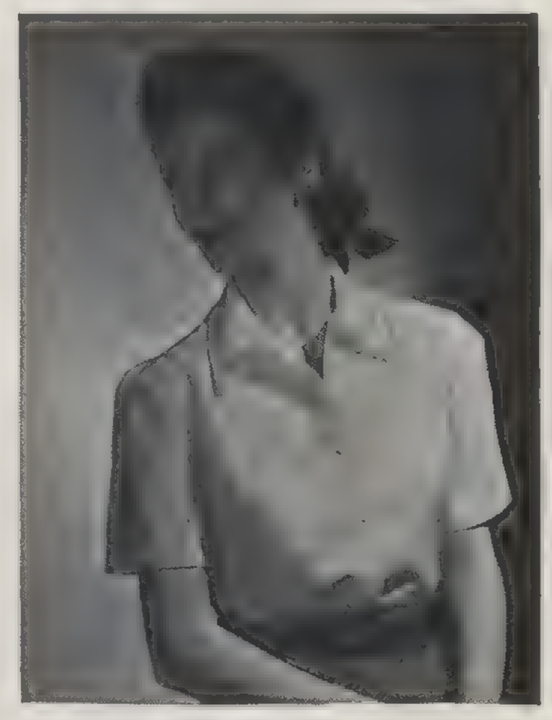
BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • IN OUR NINETY-SECOND YEAR

THE UPPER HALF

TOP CHOICE to keep you warm indoors; to insulate your coat outdoors. Knubby-knitted cardigan, cut to fit your waist and hips. It has wooden buttons. By Regina; $5.50. At Carson Pirie Scott; Higbee Company

TIE BLOUSE that works both ways—its bow-tie is a nice adjunct to any suit; its well-cut lines are handsome enough to wear without a jacket. Debcraft blouse of yellow rayon crêpe; $4. Altman; J. L. Hudson



UPPER STORY for a tailored suit: this short-sleeved white rayon crêpe blouse. Convertible V-neck collar—trimmed, like the pocket, with cross-stitch. A Wilshire shirt; $3. At Altman; I. Magnin

VOGUE STUDIOS

TOP THIS: Wear a suit, sweater, or jacket over this pretty white dickey—it's an abbreviated blouse. Of rayon sharkskin; lace-edged collar. Florence Walsh Original; $1.25. Bonwit Teller; L. S. Ayres

for the THREE lives your beauty leads

when you're working...

and never have you worked so hard . . . make PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM your beauty stand-by to soften, smooth and cleanse. Guard against chapping dryness with soothing, fragrant APPLE BLOSSOM HAND LOTION and APPLE BLOSSOM BODY SMOOTH. Each 1.00.

when you're playing...

and never was your fun so precious . . . keep fresh and lovely with a make-up that flatters *and* protects. Luminous TOWN & COUNTRY MAKE-UP FILM, 1.00, 1.50, Helena Rubinstein's velvety LIPSTICKS, 75¢ to 2.50, and special textured FACE POWDER, 1.00 to 3.50.

when you're sleeping...

and never were these hours of rest so important . . . refresh your complexion with TOWN & COUNTRY NIGHT CREAM. A superb emollient to counteract winter dryness, smooth away signs of strain, 1.00, 1.75. If your skin is very dry, use NOVENA NIGHT CREAM, a richer night-blend. 2.00, 5.00.

prices subject to taxes

helena rubinstein

715 FIFTH AVENUE...AND ALL SMART STORES

No. 209 —Sizes 10 to 20, About $23

BRUCEWOOD

Dress of the week

Black and White—crisp, fresh, dramatic.
Flatteringly styled in "Sheer Indeed," a Proven Quality Rayon
Fabric woven by BLOOMSBURG with Celanese * yarn.

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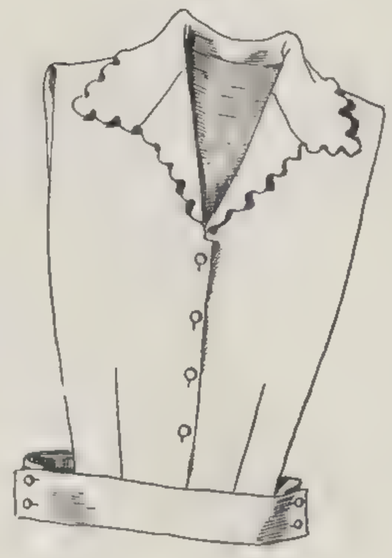
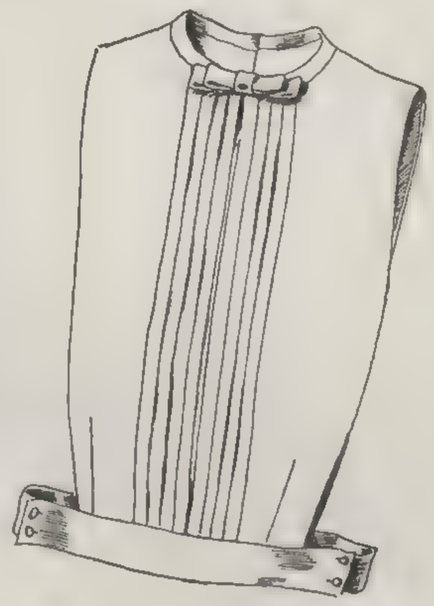
FOR A GOOD FRONT

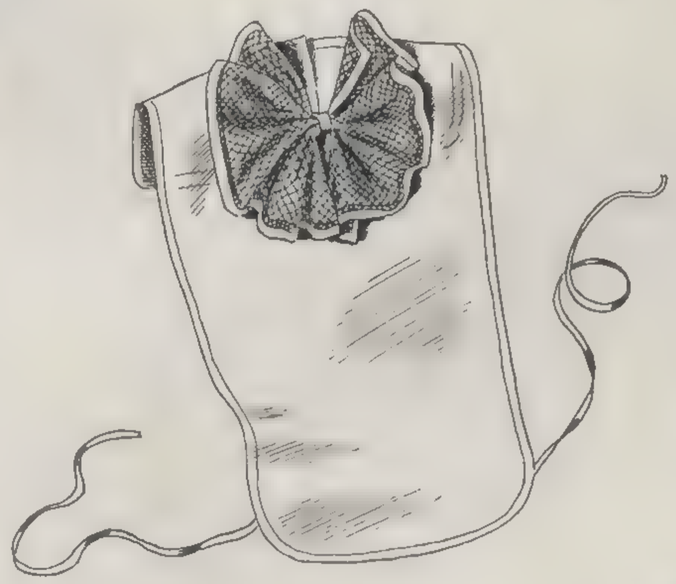


For a note of contrast, a fresh, clean look, a softening influence—try a dickey for spring. This, of scalloped, white spun rayon, is a Babé Suitor. $2: Best; L. S. Ayres

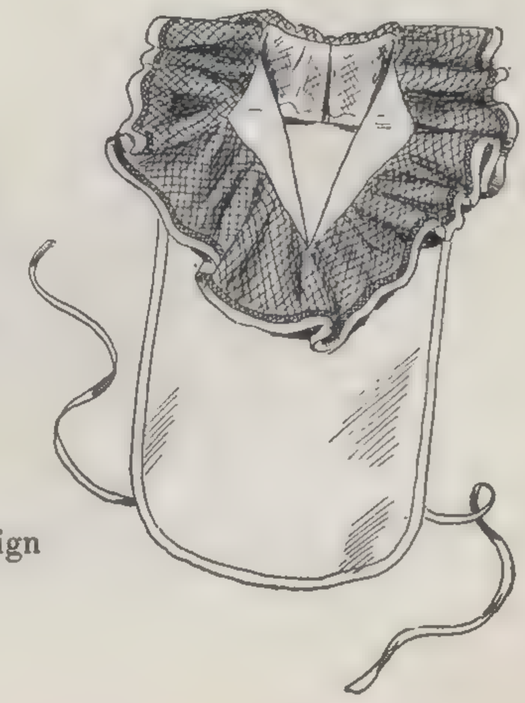
White cotton piqué collar-dickey; eyelet embroidered batiste frilled as a Valentine. Tuck it down V of a plain-top dress. Under $1: Macy's; Carson Pirie Scott



A small, neat bow...and simple pleated bosom on a dickey of white spun rayon...good front for jacket or waistcoat. The waistband can be adjusted. $2: Best; L. S. Ayres



White, high-necked vestee of rayon organdie. Has large fish-net bow, edged with organdie, instead of collar. String-ties. About $1.25: Macy's; Carson Pirie Scott



This white rayon organdie vestee has a wide, flattering flounce of fish-net, organdie-rimmed, to soften look of V-neck. About $1.25: at Macy's; Carson Pirie Scott

• All dickeys: Babé design

THE MOST AMUSING WOMAN I KNOW

(Continued from page 52)

a dark moment, it looked as if the performance would have to be cancelled. Emily, however, saved the day by peeping forth in childish treble that she knew the part. The teacher in charge of the extravaganza arrayed her in the other child's tights and jerkin, several sizes too large, but held in with a safety-pin, a long grey beard, and an old man's bald wig. She got through the part without a mistake, rushed from the stage to shed her rustic garb, and get into her fairy grandeur.

She knew this to be her great moment. Up on her toes, holding aloft her star-headed wand, she twinkled from the wings and over to the footlights, where she curtsied, beamed, threw a kiss with her chubby hand, and, assuming the first dancing position, waited for the opening strains of the Mendelssohn music. No strains were forthcoming. Instead, there rose from the audience a unified gasp, followed by a thud of silence, which, in a few moments, was broken by a familiar maternal whisper from the front row, "Emily, get off the stage."

Emily, even in those days, was a person of firm determination. She spun around in a dainty pirouette, curtsied, blew some more kisses, and again waited for the opening bars. The only sound which met her ears was that of the curtain falling. The person dressing her had changed her into the gossamer tunic, but had failed to remove the grey beard and the bald wig.

This Is Where I Came In

Another of her juvenile theatrical memoirs is of when she was, by that unaccountable casting system of schools, given the rôle of Jacques in "As You Like It," which must have been the equivalent of casting Judy Garland as Shylock. She did fairly well, however, until the line "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love," came forth in ringing tones, "Worms have died and men have eaten them, but not for love."

Emily's girlhood adventures are myriad and will, I trust, some day appear in autobiographical form, for she writes as she talks, which is funny to the point of suffocation. My own acquaintance with her began when we were in our late 'teens at Bryn Mawr, where we struck up a warm and immediate friendship, cemented by the fact that we were each the worst athletes in our classes.

The first spectacular Emily experience in which I shared was an occasion when we were bridesmaids at a wedding in Philadelphia. This was my first year on the stage. I had to leave the wedding party early in order to return to New York for my performance in my father's production of "Blood and Sand." The part consisted in waving a fan in the second act and saying, "A bull can't help being a bull, can he?"

Emily was to come over on a later train and stay a few days with us. My family's name was not in the telephone book (too many fatuous women were in the habit of calling up Father and asking him to hear their daughters recite "Gunga Din"), and as I left I called out my address to her. The usher beside her, who boasted of having a phenomenal memory for numbers, wrote it down on a place-card. It later developed that the usher's phenomenal memory had been heightened by considerable champagne. I returned to New York, got through my immortal bit, and went home to our modest apartment to wait for Emily.

She, meanwhile, remained at the party and, after a sufficient whirl, caught a train, arrived in Manhattan, and hopped into a taxi. Clutching the card, she gave the address to the driver, who in due course pulled up before an imposing marble palace. She was a trifle stunned by such magnificence, which seemed anything but in keeping with the simple Skinners. However, she was reassured by a watchman who met her and said, "They're expecting you, miss, but you'll have to go in the back way as they're making repairs." This sounded logical, as we had only recently moved, so she followed the man through a back door, where she was greeted by a butler.

This stunned her further, as she remembered our former domestic had been coloured "help." The butler informed her that the family was out, but would be back shortly, and meanwhile she might care to go to her room. Concluding we must all be down at the theatre, she went to her room, a Louis XV. gem, undressed, and was turning on a tub when a maid appeared and started unpacking her bag. Then she stared, first at the initials, then at Emily.

"Oh, Miss," she faltered, "there must be some mistake. Do you mean to be here?"

"Of course I do," said Emily.

"But you're not Miss X, are you?" the maid asked.

Emily felt suddenly faint. "Isn't this Mr. Skinner's house?" she croaked.

"Dear no, Miss! This is the house of Mr. Morgan!"

Emily hurtled into her clothes, out the back way, and hailed a cab.

The taximan at once began taking a fatherly interest, and offered the suggestion that if it was Mr. Skinner, the actor, she was looking for, he knew a stagehand at his theatre, and why not try there. It was now past midnight, and there seemed little point in going there, but, as a last resort, she allowed herself to be driven to the Empire Theatre at the very moment in which my father, who that evening had been detained by visitors, was emerging from the stage door. Emily leapt from the cab, flung her arms around his astonished neck (he didn't know her from Adam), and cried, "Thank God! I've found you at last!"

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S 19 PLAYS

February 1 Vogue cross-sections the nineteen plays of Maxwell Anderson, written between this war and the last, panorama of America's history.

FEBRUARY 1 VOGUE. At Your Newsstand January 22

1-Minute Mask!

To "pretty" your complexion quickly

Face rough and "muddy"

You know that helpless feeling—when you *can't* make your face look right! Tiny roughnesses coarsen your skin . . . Unbudging specks of grime give it a dull, half-clean look. "No use fussing," you say to yourself—"this is one of my homely days!"

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Then is the perfect moment for the 1-Minute Mask—dramatic *new* way of using Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just spread a cool white mask of this luscious cream over your throat, cheeks, forehead—all but your eyes. Leave it on for one full minute. Then tissue the mask off.

Mrs. Nicholas Ridgely du Pont prominent society beauty, says: "I just love this new 1-Minute Mask way of using Pond's Vanishing Cream—it leaves my skin so smooth and fresh feeling!"

New face! Softer... Brighter

You've turned your "homely day" into a prettier one! In only one minute, the "keratolytic action" of Pond's Vanishing Cream has dissolved mean little skin roughnesses . . . loosened stubborn grime. Your face looks clearer, fresher—feels heavenly!

It's a Double Beauty Ration

1-MINUTE MASK
Collect thrilling *new* rations of beauty aid 3 or 4 times a week—by using Pond's Vanishing Cream for the exciting 1-Minute Mask described above. You'll love it!

POWDER BASE
Just as always, use a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for your regular powder foundation. Not "oozy." Not drying. Holds make-up *beautifully!*

BOUGUEREAU'S HISTORIC PAINTING

(Continued from page 34)

Fisk and brought by la Mansfield, with the aid of her new paramour.

"The exquisite Stokes," the paper said, "was all glorious in a new Alexis overcoat of a dull cream colour. An elegant diamond ring gleamed on his finger, like a glowworm in a swamp; a cane swinging carelessly, to and fro, before his manly legs. Fisk himself came into court in a strange kind of blue naval uniform, that fitted him wretchedly, with its double rows of brass buttons. A diamond pin shone out of his fat chest like the danger light on the Sandy Hook bar.

"Miss Mansfield, who has been known from Maine to Oregon for her connection with Mark Antony Fisk and Octavius Caesar Stokes, soon entered the court. She has a pearly white skin; full, red lips; heavy eyelashes, and dark, lustrous, and very large eyes, which, when directed at a judge, witness, or jury, have a quick and *terrible* effect. Her hands were encased in faultless lavender kid gloves. Over her magnificent tournure of dark hair was perched a jaunty Alpine hat with a green feather perched thereon. Her robe was of the heaviest black silk, cut *à la Impératrice.* Her hair was worn in the manner of Cleopatra, falling slightly over the superb black velvet mantle which covered her shoulders. Sitting there, this superb woman was the personification of proud disdain as she cast her fiery and repeated glances of contempt at the agonized Fisk."

The actual shooting took place on a private stairway, leading from the ladies' entrance of the Grand Central Hotel (now the Broadway Central) on Broadway, between Third and Bleecker Streets, which, with the Hoffman House and the Astor House, was then one of the three best hotels in New York.

Fisk, who had once (in 1867) lived at the Grand Central, was driven there, in his Clarence, behind a fine pair of horses, to call upon a Mrs. Morse, a lady of his acquaintance. Stokes, knowing of the rendezvous, and having long detested his partner, because of Miss Mansfield, as well as of their endless quarrels, went to the Hoffman House, found his pistol, and awaited his victim at the Grand Central. There he stood, at the head of the stairs, until, seeing Fisk begin his ascent, he fired three shots; two of them taking effect. Fisk died the following morning (Sunday), thereby ending the powerful triumvirate of Jay Gould, Jim Fisk and Daniel Drew.

"Boss" Tweed (who had been released from jail, the day before, on $1,000,000 bail) was soon at the dead man's bedside. In an interview, there, with a close approximation of the truth, Tweed remarked: "Stokes is a cowardly dog and a damned villain."

Head-Line News

After the killing, the excitement was everywhere so great that extra squads of police were required to keep order on Broadway. A detachment was also dispatched to the residence of Miss Mansfield, at 359 West Twenty-third Street, a nest for which she had once paid $40,000—with money made by "speculating" in Erie. From this abode, which was only twenty-three doors from Fisk's own house, there had been built, in the days of their intimacy, a secret underground passage to the Grand Opera House, the marble edifice where Fisk had his offices and which is now the RKO Theatre, at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

Fisk had purchased that Opera House, in 1869, for a mere million dollars (of the Erie stockholders' money) in the belief that Miss Mansfield might some day find it a suitable arena in which to develop her *soi-disant* histrionic powers. It was at that Opera House that Gould and Fisk maintained the offices of the Erie Railroad, Gould being its President at the time; and there, too, that Fisk's body, in a Colonel's uniform of blue and gold, was exposed to public view before being taken to Vermont, where, with spectacular ceremony, it was interred.

Stokes, at his first trial, was condemned to be hanged; but, gaining a second and third trial, he was finally sentenced to Sing Sing—a year, to the day, after the murder—for a term of four years. Merely to indicate the free and charitable spirit of the time, Stokes, during his hideous incarceration, kept a pair of horses at a livery stable in the nearby village and drove them at will throughout the countryside, as the nights began to lower.

It was at the expiration of his sentence that Stokes returned to New York where, with the help of John W. Mackay (one of the owners of the Comstock Lode, in Nevada), he completed negotiations for a controlling interest in the Hoffman House and for the purchase of Bouguereau's "Nymphs and Satyr," to which painting he immediately accorded the place of honour in his bar.

Helen Josephine Mansfield

A little before the election of 1871, the ample and erring Mansfield—known, in the Chelsea district where she lived, as the "Cleopatra of London Terrace"—informed her friends that she was no longer the "toy" of Jim Fisk.

At that time, she gave her age as twenty-four. She was, in reality, thirty-one and had already, after marrying at sixteen, pursued a varied and colourful career. She came, originally, from Boston and was educated in a convent at Lowell, Massachusetts. She then went to San Francisco, where her mother ran a boarding-house, after having indulged in a little informal, but profitable, blackmail in Nevada.

Coming to New York, Josie met Fisk, in October, 1867, a *rencontre* that resulted from an interest taken in her by a certain and nefarious Annie Wood at whose house, on West Twenty-fourth Street, properly presented gentlemen visitors could count on meeting ladies of beauty and appeal. After Fisk's death, in 1872, Josie entirely deserted Stokes, whom she had first met at Fisk's house, in 1870.

For a few years, she had a varied career in Paris and in some of the European watering-places, but returned to America and settled in Boston, where she suffered a stroke in 1899. We find her next in South Dakota, in 1901, seeking admission to a Catholic Home. Penury overtaking her, she somehow lingered on for thirty years and died, at ninety, in 1931, having outlived Fisk by sixty years and Stokes by thirty.

In the three decades that followed the murder, the Hoffman House, at Twenty-fourth Street and Broadway, was the unofficial, but nonetheless actual headquarters of the Democratic party, just as the Fifth Avenue Hotel, across the street from it, was the headquarters of the Republicans.

The Rôle of the Hoffman House

The Hoffman House was also the meeting-place of magnates of every order—railroad builders, miners, bankers, actors, Western Senators, horse-breeders, oil kings, bookmakers, and a never-ending procession of gaping outlanders. Ulysses S. Grant, himself, sometimes stayed at the hotel, while, as early as 1864, Generals Benjamin F. Butler and Winfield Scott, coming to New York, for four months, in order to suppress the draft riots, made it, with its then two hundred and twelve rooms, their official place of residence.

The barroom of the Hoffman House contained the first square, or open, bar in New York, the bartenders sliding under it as best they might. On the walls of the room, a dozen or so oil paintings were shown. Among such canvases was an excellent Correggio, entitled "Narcissus." But, chief of those works of art, was the breath-taking "Nymphs and Satyr."

The barroom boasted, also, of two life-sized ebony statues—Nubian slaves bearing elaborate baskets of fruit—familiar monstrosities in those barbaric days. Concerning those figures the bartenders (adepts in the art of mixing a Sherry Cobbler, a Gin Fizz, a Planter's Punch, a Rock and Rye, a Mint Julep, and an endless variety of Slings, Toddies, Smashes, and Sours) regularly informed visitors that they were a thousand years old.

The most permanent human ornament of the bar was Billy Edwards, who served both as the hotel's detective and its bouncer, as well. He was also the best-known stake-holder on Broadway. Sometimes, on Election Day, or on the eve of a great prize-fight, he would carry as much as $100,000 in his inside pockets. In the technique of ousting unwelcome guests and strong-arming all those who were inebriated, Edwards, because he had once been a pugilist of renown, remained—until the waiters at Jack's perfected their pyramidal mass formation—the unquestioned master in his field.

The army of the thirsty who daily and nightly foregathered at that famous square bar included such celebrities as old P. T. Barnum, James Gordon Bennett, Maurice Barrymore, Edwin Booth, John W. Mackay, Senator Fair, James B. Haggin, Senator G. Hearst, David B. Hill, and William F. Cody: the latter patronizing the place as long as Edward S. Stokes remained its overlord. It was there, too, that Colonel Joe Rickey, once a lobbyist in Washington, did his more serious drinking, and there that the Gin Rickey —limes squeezed into gin, at that time a wholly new drink—was named in his honour.

The *chef* of the hotel, during most of the 'Eighties and 'Nineties, was Eugène Laperreque, once the *cordon bleu* of Baron Alfred de Rothschild, in London, while the headwaiter was the polished and, certainly, too dignified Gaspar Barr. It was there, too, beginning in 1883 (first as a bar boy, and, later on, as a waiter) that Oscar, now known as the Host of the Waldorf, began his career as a *maître d'hôtel.*

On Stokes' death, in 1901, all the paintings in the bar were sold. Their new owner, perhaps because he was a moralist of the puritanical order, consigning only one of them—Bouguereau's entrancing "Nymphs"—to the warehouse and to what, as he may perhaps have thought, oblivion.

The Hoffman House itself disappeared in 1915. The wreckers came in, and, with many signs of mourning on Broadway, the hotel ended its days.

Bouguereau as an Artist

It is pleasant, today, to note the rapidly mounting tide of interest in Bouguereau. A recent sign of it was the purchase by Chester Dale of three large, allegorical canvases by him—"*L'Amour,*" "*La Fortune,*" and "*L'Amitié*"—works so imposing that he and Mrs. Dale have accorded them places of honour in their New York house.

Bouguereau was born, in 1825, at La Rochelle, in the Vendée, and died there, at eighty, in 1905, a few years after marrying, for his second wife, Miss Elizabeth Gardner, an American lady from Exeter, New Hampshire.

At twenty-five, he won the Prix de Rome. Later, he became a Member of the Institute and a Commander of the Légion. He painted, consistently, for fifty years, and is represented in the Luxembourg, and in the principal museums of Europe, as well as in such American institutions as the Metropolitan Museum, the Chicago Art Institute, the Cincinnati Museum, the Pennsylvania Academy, and Buffalo Museum.

For a long time, he concerned himself greatly with sacred history and religious painting. As a young man, too, he spent months at a time at Assisi where he copied Giotto's murals, and still other long months at Venice in studying the arcana of Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto. He was, incontestably, the best of the French painters of the nude, just before the Impressionists came in. In that field, he remained a master of prime importance, and of far higher calibre than Jules Lefebvre, Henner, Baudry, de Beaumont, Jourdain, Collin, Aubert, Dupain, and Thirion, the other so-called "nude" painters of that time in Paris.

If, as an artist, Bouguereau's æsthetic vision enlarged but little, as his career progressed; if he seemed something of a sentimental classicist; if his madonnas ("*Vierge Consolatrice,*" in the Luxembourg, for example) remained on the *pleasing* side, he will, unless the signs fail, continue to rank honourably in the annals of nineteenth-century French art. Certainly his lovely and pearl-coloured nymphs prove him a painter of extraordinary gifts.

PRECISELY RIGHT FOR NOW

Two pompon buttons as decorative as jewelled clips on a dress that has the enduringly simple lines so coveted now. The colour is an enchanting shade of blue, the fabric a sheer rayon crêpe. An Ann Mitchel design; from L. S. Ayres

A dress to see you through many a busy day and many a busy season. A shirtwaist dress with dateless, precise lines, a fly-front, and roll collar. It's of green Botany wool ...a pretty spring-green. A Doctor Dress design. Altman; Marshall Field

LUIS LEMUS

Because it's grey, because it has neat-as-a-pin stripes, because it has simple, uncluttered lines —this dress might well be one of your spring standbys. Made of spun rayon and Aralac, it has a fly-front, red belt. Johara Juniors dress; Saks-Fifth Avenue

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BOTANY ALL-WOOL FLANNEL—Slated for new importance this spring. A fabric known for 50 years for its wonderful texture and wearing qualities. Grand for town costumes as well as casual sportswear. 54 inches wide. Street shades, yd., **2.95** Pastel shades, yd., **3.25**

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Vogue 296

Vogue 300

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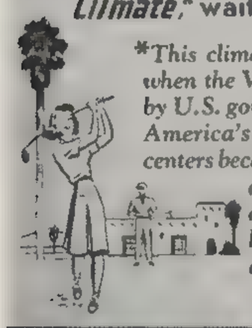

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Phoenix Arizona

For free, profusely illustrated booklet and cartograph map, write Valley of the Sun Club 1018 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Phoenix.

In the Valley of the Sun

FEWER . . . SIMPLER

(Continued from page 27)

Some have uneven hem-lines, with the skirt dipping down a little in front. Some are lined with prints or contrasting colours—like a black-and-white pin-checked jacket lined with red.

HALF THE STORY IS IN SKIRTS. Your new suit is apt to have a new high-waisted skirt—the top of the skirt rising two or three inches above the waist, the belt remaining at the normal waist-line. Your new suit may have a man-tailored skirt—pressed or creased like a man's trousers. You saw the first of these new skirts in Vogue's October 15 issue—this spring you'll see numbers of them. Your skirt may have a hip-band in the same shade as your jacket; again, we refer you to the frontispiece of this issue. Or your skirt may have a little fullness in front—just a little. (Few of the new clothes use more than a fraction of the fullness the law allows.)

HALF THE STORY IS IN BLOUSES. You'll want to take your jacket off on the slightest provocation...your blouse will be so attractive. Now that suits are so simple, the main chance for self-expression is in your blouse. All the new blouses are fresh and feminine. Many have drawstring neck-lines—the drawstring is one string fashion harps on constantly. Many have narrow frills at neck and wrists. Some have lingerie jabots. Some tie close up to the throat. One new blouse has a full lace jabot that you tie around your neck with bright-coloured ribbons. Another has a neat stand-up collar under which the blouse ties with a drawstring. There are starched white blouses, dotted silk blouses, blouses printed with garden produce—such as apples and tomatoes. On pages 62 to 64, you see some of the newest.

SPRING HATS. Hats have definitely become a part of your costume—not a separate topic of conversation. When you're off on your workaday way, you'll want to have a small, neat-looking head; you'll want a hat that stays put, that isn't a pawn of the first March wind, that you don't have to clutch and fuss with and rearrange every minute. Your hat may be a felt beret, set straight on your head. It may be a sleek little skull-cap, in the same colour as some part of your ensemble; a red one, with a gold pin and a veil fixing everything in place; a blue, black, grey, or beige one. It may be a small sailor, worn very level over the brow. Only after the day's work is done will you put on a purely ornamental hat. And then you'll want one that's frankly pretty—a feather, flower, or veiled hat, tilted forward and worn with up-swept hair.

DAY DRESSES. Simple is the way of all day dresses, too. Little beige jerseys with big pearl buttons all the way down the front. Neat navy-blue or black dresses with starched white collars and cuffs. Some dresses look like bolero suits. Many look like two-piece suits, with contrasting blouse and skirt. One of the best of these has a checked silk skirt and a plain blouse top; another has a cocoa-coloured skirt and a navy-blue top. Among the prints are neat dots and checks, tidy scrolls and leaves; see pages 76, 77.

WE'RE CUTTING MEAT

(Continued from page 60)

Italian Paste Shells with Liver

(for six)

½ pound of calves' liver (two slices). This can be pinched for war, or you can use beef liver, but you must cook it a little longer
1 tablespoonful of chicken fat
3 tablespoonfuls of olive-oil, or whatever you are using in its place. Olive-infused peanut-oil is the best bet so far
2 large yellow or red onions, finely minced
1 clove of garlic, finely minced or crushed
¼ cupful of soup stock
A little basil, minced. Fresh basil is best, but dried might have to do
Salt, black pepper, paprika to taste
4 largish fresh tomatoes, peeled and cut up
6 big handfuls of large shells
A huge pot of boiling water, well salted, with a teaspoonful of oil in it
A big bowl of grated Parmesan cheese, or its present substitute

The trick about this dish is to do it fast. Start the sauce; then put the shells to cook in the violently boiling water. In the ten to fourteen minutes that they require (take them from the fire a little chewy)—in those minutes you finish the sauce.

Cut the liver in small squares. Heat an iron frying-pan very hot, put in the fat and brown it, then quickly sear and brown the liver in it, stirring. Then reduce the heat, add the oil, the onions, and the garlic, and let cook gently until the onions are yellow and tender. Add the seasonings, stock, and the tomatoes. Increase the heat and cook quickly, for about eight minutes.

Strain the cooled shells through an enamel colander. Have a big, hot casserole ready, with a lump of margarine in it. Dump in the shells, shake or stir; then dump in the sauce and stir again. Serve and eat AT ONCE, the plates being very hot, and each person lavishing grated cheese on his portion.

Paddy's Delight—DeLuxe

(for 8 to 10)

This is one of the poor-folksiest dishes to which I have ever been introduced. Also it is delicious, and I have dressed it up with a few turns that make it a gem for buffet dinners.

12 medium carrots, cut in inch-thick slices
15 smallish whole white onions
12 small potatoes
2 white turnips, cut up
2 celery knobs, cut up
2 parsnips, cut up
4 big leeks, the white part, in ½-inch slices

Put these in a large pot, with a generous teaspoonful of salt and a small cotton bag containing twenty whole black peppercorns, a shred of bay-leaf, a curl of lemon peel, and a scrap of dried red pepper pod. Add just enough boiling water to cover, and then three cups more. Bring to a boil and boil gently until the vegetables are getting tender, but are not quite done.

Further ingredients:

1 lb. ground round steak (or any cut of lean beef, ground)
2 large stale hard rolls, soaked in milk and squeezed out and crumbled
Salt, pepper, a dash of ground nutmeg
3 tablespoonfuls of long-leaved parsley, minced
1 egg, well beaten

Mix all the above thoroughly in a bowl. Then form into tiny balls. Roll them all lightly in salted and peppered flour.

Now take the lid off your pot, and remove the bag of spices. Add half a cup of dry white wine to the pot. When it is boiling, gently drop in all the little meat balls, replace the cover, and cook for fifteen minutes. Add a cupful of freshly cooked, drained green peas, and turn the whole thing into a big, hot casserole. Put in a lump of butter the size of an egg, and sprinkle with finely minced fresh parsley and chives or other green herbs.

Beans Bretonne

(8 to 10 people)

2 cupfuls of dried white navy beans, or pea beans
1 onion
1 carrot
2 stalks of celery
Parsley, greens, etc.
Salt and pepper

Soak the beans overnight in cold water. Next day drain them, add the above vegetables and a pinch of soda, cover with boiling water, and cook gently until tender and mealy, but not broken. Then strain off most of the water (saving it to use for soup), leaving a cupful in the beans. Pick out and throw away the vegetables.

Make a sauce:

2 tablespoonfuls of butter, or chicken fat
2 tablespoonfuls of olive-oil
1 onion, finely minced
1 clove of garlic, minced
2 fresh tomatoes, peeled and cut up
Pinch each of chopped fresh basil and thyme—if possible. Dried will do.
Salt, pepper, pinch of dry mustard, paprika
¼ cupful of white wine

Cook the onion and garlic in the combined butter and oil until tender. Then add all the other ingredients and cook for a few minutes. If there is not quite enough liquid, add a little soup stock. Turn into an earthen French bean pot, cover, and bake two hours in a slow oven (275° F.).

Risotto Con Funghi

(serves 10 to 12)

Here is another meatless dish which I make when Maestro Toscanini comes to dinner.

1 lb. of fresh mushrooms
12 dried mushrooms, soaked in ½ cup of cold water
1 onion, minced
½ clove of garlic, minced
1 fresh tomato, peeled and cut up
1 cup of grated Parmesan cheese, or ersatz therefore
2 large tablespoonfuls of butter, or chicken fat, and olive-oil
1 tablespoonful of mushroom catsup
1 tablespoonful of Torex meat extract
Salt, pepper, paprika
3 cups of raw rice

Cook the rice in a huge pot of violently boiling salted water for eleven minutes *only*. Drain and dry in the oven.

Slice the mushrooms, unpeeled and unwashed, stems and all. In a large iron frying-pan, cook the onion and garlic slowly in the fat and olive-oil until tender. Add the sliced mushrooms and cook for fifteen minutes. Add the seasonings and all the other ingredients, including the dried mushrooms with the juice in which they soaked. Cook ten minutes more.

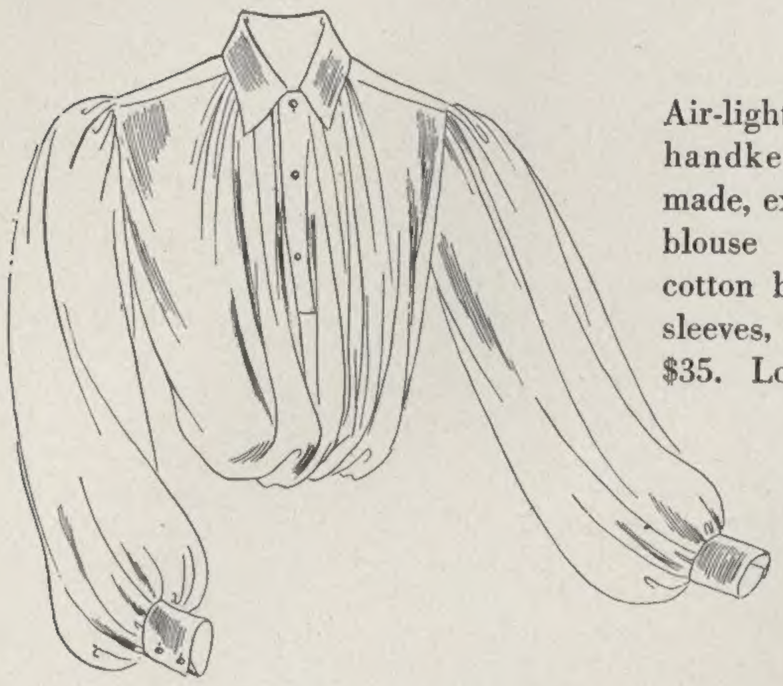
Put the cooked rice dry into that huge pot, and turn the mushroom mixture into it. Mix thoroughly. Add the cup of grated cheese while mixing. Add enough liquid to be absorbed by the rice; it should not be wet.

Grease a casserole and lightly spoon the rice mixture into it. Do not pack it down, as it must have room to swell. Put bits of butter or fat all through the dish. Cover the casserole, set it in a shallow pan of boiling water, cook half an hour in a 450° F. oven.

Serve more grated cheese separately at the table.

SOMETHING FILMY ABOVE THE BELT

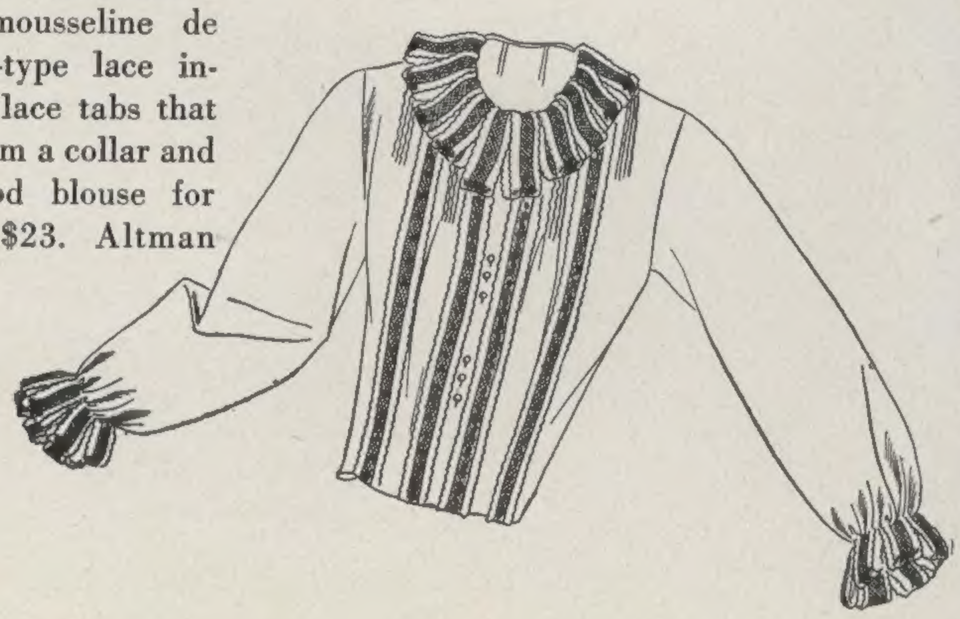
Disarmingly simple white blouse of Sanforized cotton piqué, eyelet embroidered yoke and a plain as plain neck that you can touch up. By Joan Kenley; $3. At Altman



Air-light...thin as a good handkerchief. Handmade, exquisite Mexican blouse of super-sheer cotton batiste, with full sleeves, a shirred front. $35. Lord and Taylor

Looks frail...is strong; can take it in a tub. Of mousseline de soie, with leafy bloom of minute hand-tucked jabot. Perfect for a simple suit; $18. Lord and Taylor

Another open invitation to accessories...engagingly simple white blouse of Sanforized cotton piqué, with openwork bands. By Joan Kenley; $3. At Franklin Simon



Filmy as a wraith, made of soft mousseline de soie; Val-type lace inserts and lace tabs that loop to form a collar and cuffs. Good blouse for boleros. $23. Altman

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THE MOST AMUSING MAN I KNOW

(Continued from page 53)

Strangers are astonished when they sit with Woolley for the first time. The white beard, the Santa Claus pink of his cheeks, and his professorial air—he did teach English and dramatics at Yale after the first World War—do not prepare them for the ribald tales that pour from his lips in neat, precise syllables.

His outstanding military service, he tells anyone who'll listen, was fulfilment of a difficult assignment passed on to him by Captain Charles Merz (he's Editor-in-Chief, now, of *The New York Times*) and Walter Lippmann (*Herald Tribune* pundit) who ranked him as members of the American Military Mission.

It seems that the Army, for some vague reason, needed copies of German and Austrian newspapers. They were to be obtained with the utmost secrecy, which added to the difficulty. Enemy journals were rare in Paris.

For days, Lieutenant Woolley wandered unhappily from bar to bar until he quite reeked of the stuff, but no helpful idea bubbled out of his drinks. The few sources he had tapped became suspicious of an American officer who wanted enemy newspapers. Woolley decided he'd have one last roarer before returning to Captains Merz and Lippmann to report failure.

Cole Porter, then as *Aspirante*, or cadet, in the French Flying Corps, threw magnificent parties in his Paris quarters, and Woolley found there was one that night. "We simply bathed in the best," he always says. "Everyone got quite stinking." When the Paris bells bonged at dawn, the party waned, but only because of the celebrants' physical exhaustion.

In the dawn's early light in the littered Porter flat, Lieutenant Woolley remembered that, in a few hours, he'd be facing Captains Merz and Lippmann, and melancholy seized him. He confided his secret mission to the solemn guests, and they sipped their champagne sleepily. One of them said, "What's difficult about that assignment?" He told Lieutenant Woolley of a certain library that collected enemy newspapers, then fell flat on his face.

Woolley can spin the story out, and almost always does, but, briefly, he tottered back to the Crillon, bathed, erased all major signs of the night's dissipation and sought out the library. The owners were suspicious of him, but he convinced them that his mission was valid. One of them touched a button, and a secret door quietly pivoted open, just back of him.

"It was the purest bit of E. Phillips Oppenheim," he says. "Behind that door were the enemy newspapers we wanted. You should have seen the astonishment on the faces of Captains Merz and Lippmann when I reported. It was worth every moment of my travail."

DESIGNS FOR DRESSMAKING

Here are other views of the Designs for Dressmaking shown on pages 74 and 75. No. 9626, "Easy-to-Make" dress, in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38); 40 and 42. No. 9571, jacket, in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38). No. 9634, "Easy-to-Make" skirt, in sizes 24 to 32 waist

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